

THE COMIC MAGAZINE THAT DARED TO BE DIFFERENT!

PDC

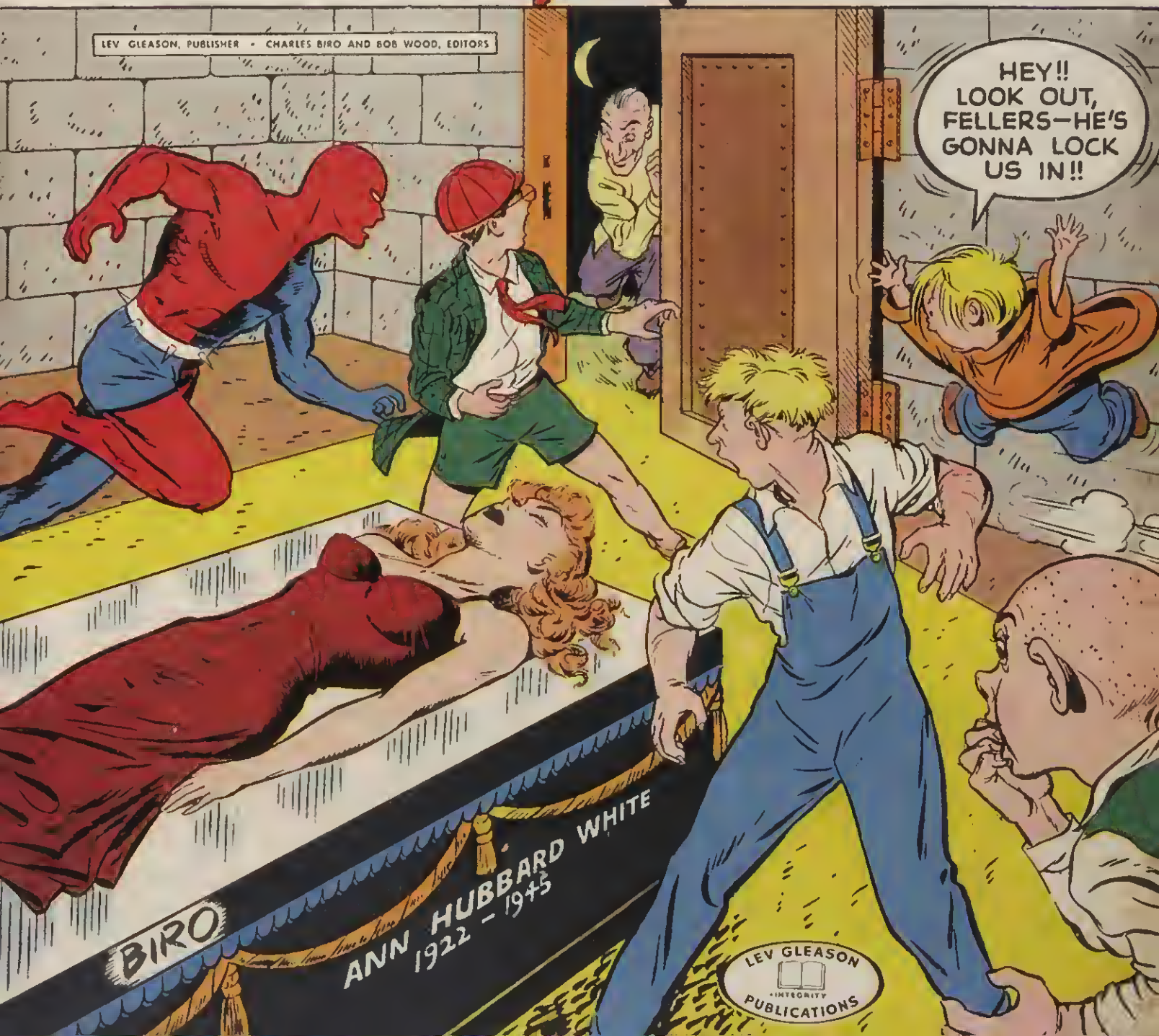
# DAREDEVIL

NO. 30

*The Greatest Name in Comics*

10¢

LEV GLEASON, PUBLISHER • CHARLES BIRO AND BOB WOOD, EDITORS







WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM





# PUT THESE "REMINDER STAMPS" TO WORK HELPING YOU FIGHT WASTE IN YOUR HOME

THESE ARE THE OFFICIAL "FIGHT WASTE" STAMPS.....

1. CONSERVE EVERYTHING YOU USE!
2. BUY ONLY WHAT IS NECESSARY!
3. SALVAGE WHAT YOU DON'T NEED!
4. SHARE WHAT YOU HAVE!



THIS  
WASTES  
FUEL...



...MACHINERY  
MANPOWER  
WATER  
**Fight Waste**

A BURNING LIGHT  
USES BULBS, FUEL,  
AND MANPOWER

**Fight Waste**

DRIVE  
UNDER  
35...  
SAVE GAS  
AND TIRES

**Fight Waste**

CLEAN YOUR PLATE—  
"FOOD FIGHTS  
FOR FREEDOM"

**Fight Waste**

TIN CANS  
ARE WAR  
MATERIAL

**Fight Waste**

65°  
PLENTY WARM  
ENOUGH FOR HEALTH!

**Fight FUEL Waste**

COLLECT WASTE PAPER  
FOR WAR

**Fight Waste**

SALVAGED  
FATS  
MAKE AMMUNITION

**Fight Waste**

AMERICA'S MOST DARING MAGAZINE—

## "CRIME does not pay"

CONTINUES TO STARTLE THE NATION—

**DON'T  
MISS**

THE NEXT ISSUE OUT **SOON!**

featuring—

"KING KILLER OF THE MOHAWK"

"BLONDE QUEEN OF CRIME"

"CASE OF THE TELLTALE WATCH"

"THE CRIME OF TERRY ALMODOVAR"

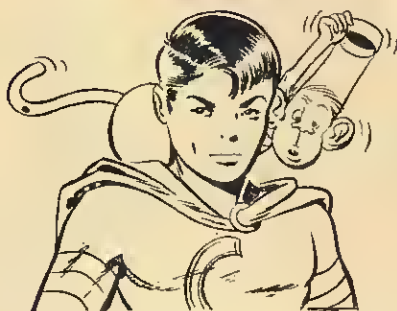
"CASE OF THE MISSING PANTS"

and many other **TRUE  
CRIME STORIES!!**

W N W



WHAT TERROR GRIPS THE HEARTS OF  
**CRIMEBUSTER** AND **SQUEEKS** AS THEIR  
EYES FASTEN UPON THE GREATEST  
MYSTERY THAT HAS EVER CHALLENGED  
THE MIND OF MAN?



There ARE QUESTIONS THAT MUST  
AND WILL BE ANSWERED—BUT AT A  
TERRIFIC PRICE!

- #1. WHY WAS THE DIRECT SHIP FLOUNDERING IN THE MIDDLE OF THE PACIFIC?
- #2. WHO AND WHERE WERE THE CREW?
- #3. WILL **CRIMEBUSTER** HAVE THE COURAGE TO BOARD HER AND INVESTIGATE?
- #4. WILL **CRIMEBUSTER** HEED **SQUEEKS'** ANIMAL INSTINCT OF THE DANGER?

These ANY  
MANY OTHER  
BAFFLING QUESTIONS  
WILL ALL BE ANSWERED  
IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF

**BOY**  
COMICS

on your newsstand **SOON!**

# DAREDEVIL

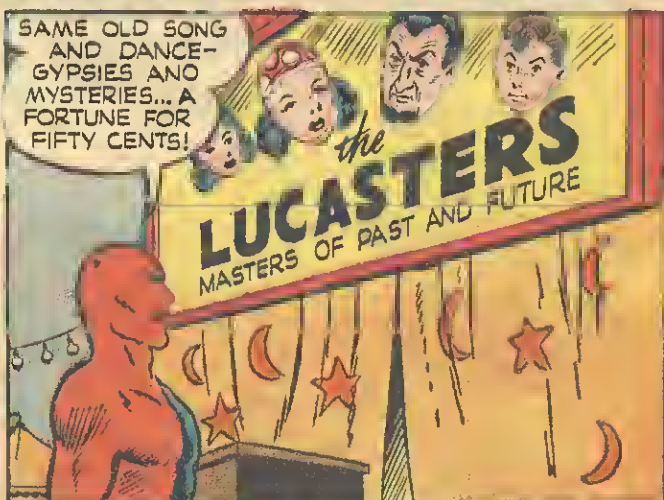
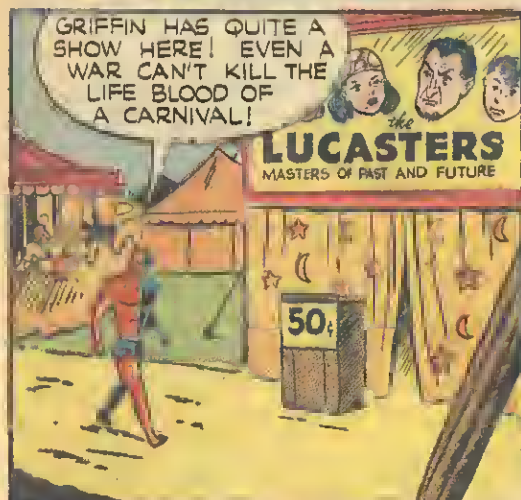
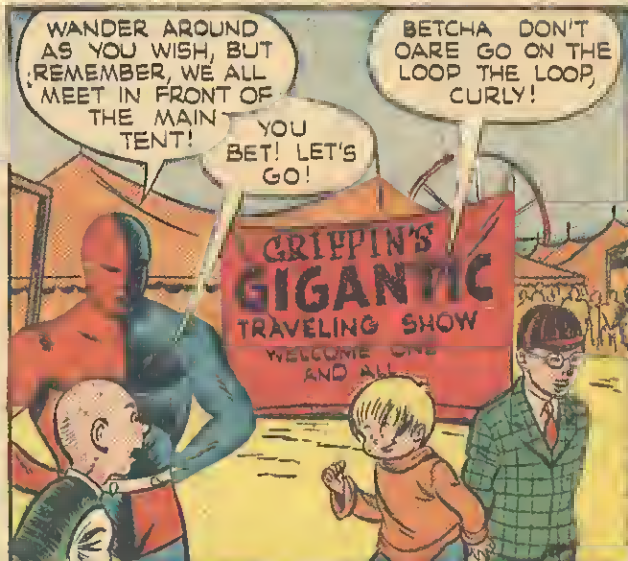
STEP UP, STEP UP, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—PRESENTING FOR THE FIRST TIME, THE GREAT LUCASTA—SEES ALL—KNOWS ALL! HE IS THE GREATEST CHALLENGE TO LAW AND ORDER EVER ENCOUNTERED BY DAREDEVIL AND THE LITTLE WISE GUYS!!

GRIFF CARNIVAL  
COME ON  
COME ALL

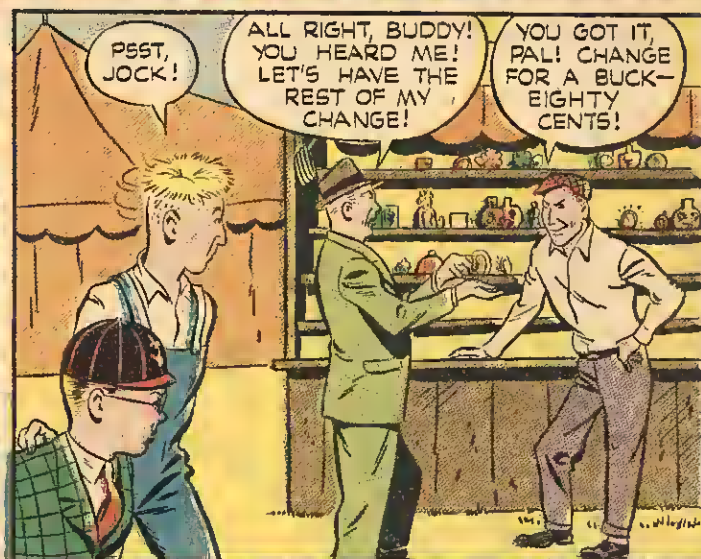
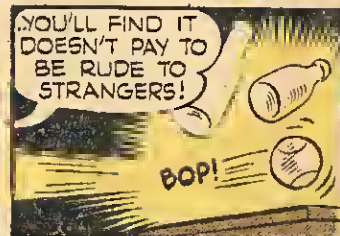
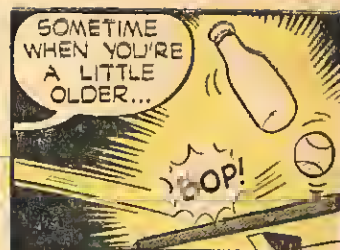
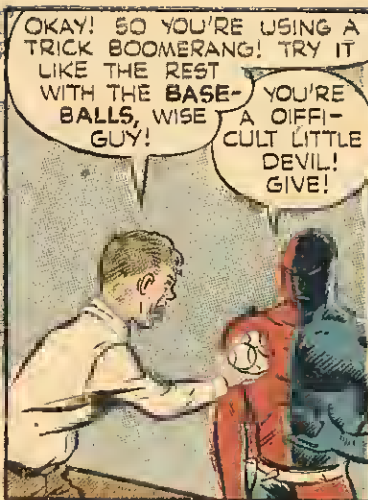


by  
Charles  
BIRO

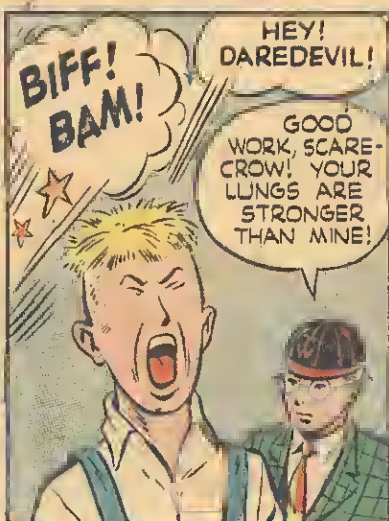




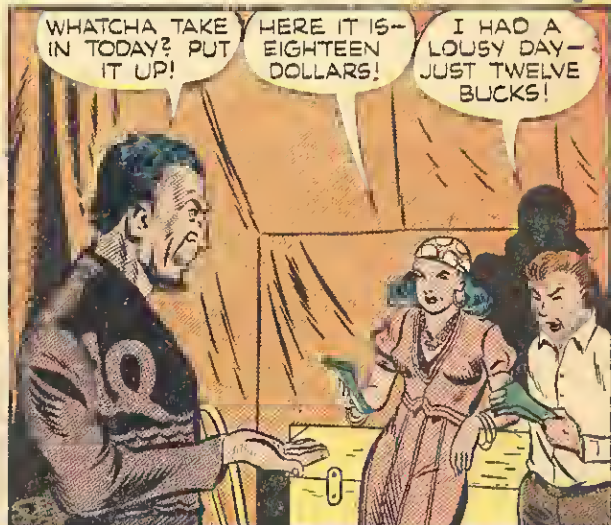




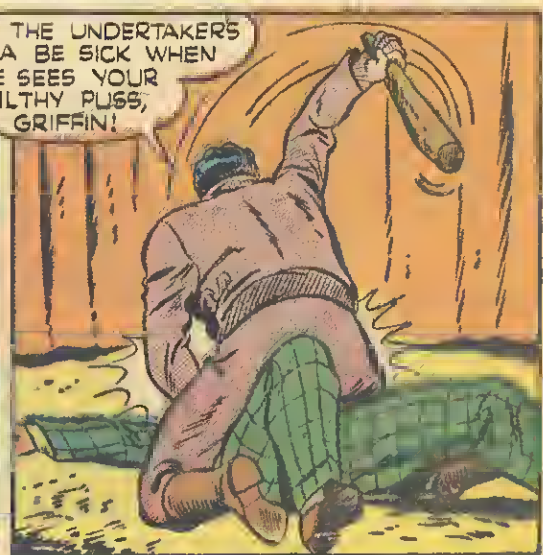
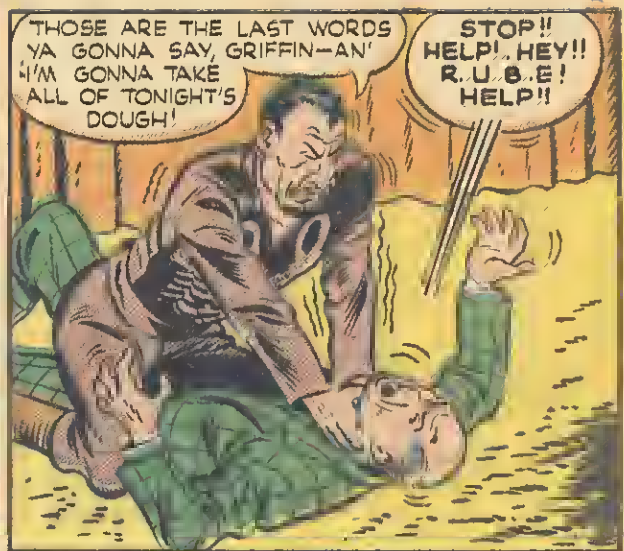
















HEY, POP!  
WHAT'S GOT  
INTO YOU?

I THOUGHT  
WE WERE  
GOING O.K.  
IN THIS  
SHOW!

YOU'RE  
NEVER  
SATISFIED!

SHUT  
YOUR TRAPS  
YAN' STEP  
ON IT!



I COULDN'T TELL FOR SURE WHETHER  
IT WAS A SHORT CHANGE OR NOT, CHIEF!  
FRANKLY, THE OUTFIT APPEARS  
MIGHTY SUS-  
PICIOUS!

WELL, WE CAN'T  
PROSECUTE THEM  
WITHOUT  
PROOF!



WE'LL JUST  
HAVE TO—SUFFER—  
IN NANNAY!  
WHAT'S THIS?  
WE  
FOUND  
HIM AT THE  
CARNIVAL! HE  
INSISTED UPON  
COMIN' HERE  
FROM THE  
EMERGENCY  
WARD!



HIS NAME'S GRIFFIN!  
TAKE IT EASY! THE  
DOC TOOK ONE 150  
STITCHES IN YOUR  
FACE!

M...MOOSE..HE  
OUD..IT..WANTED  
MORE DOUGH..  
GOT..TO..GET  
HIM...



DON'T WORRY, GRIFFIN!  
WE'LL FIND HIM! NOW  
YOU GO BACK TO THE  
HOSPITAL! YOU'RE IN  
BAD SHAPE!

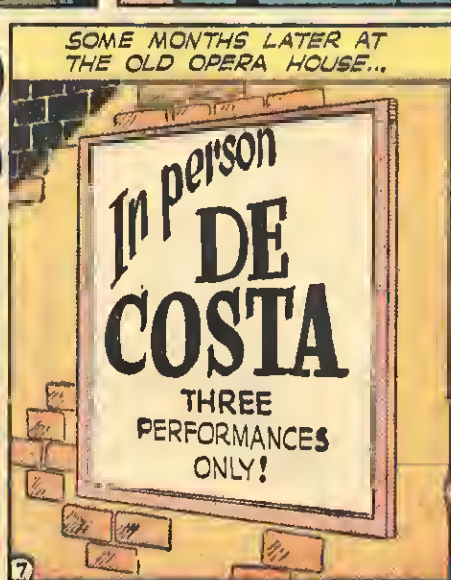


CAN YOU BEAT  
THAT! HE'S MORE  
DEAD THAN ALIVE!  
KNOW ANYTHING  
ABOUT IT?

NOT MUCH! HE OWNS  
THE CARNIVAL! GUESS  
THIS MOOSE WAS ONE  
OF THE PERSONS IN  
THE GYPSY TENT!



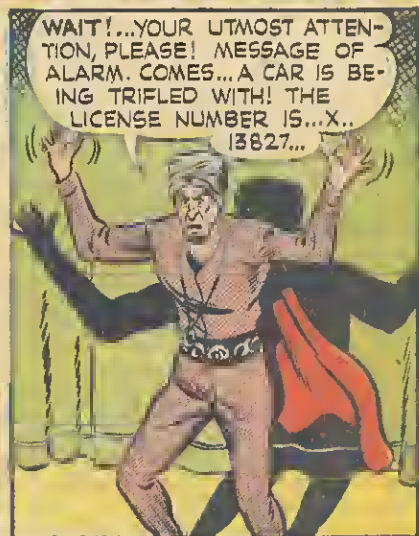
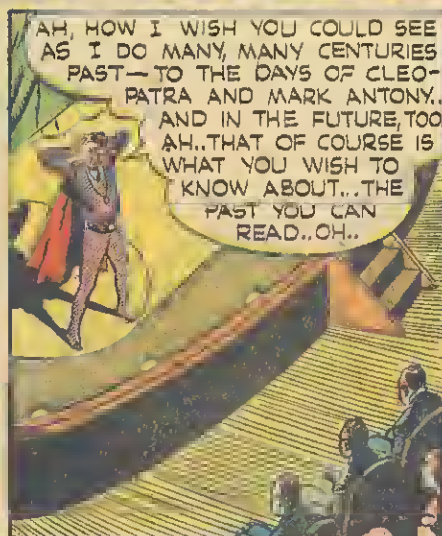
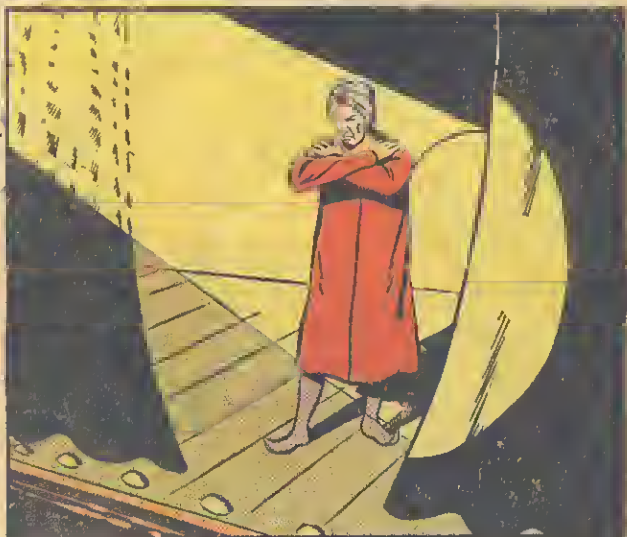
MOOSE MUST  
HAVE HATED HIM  
A LOT TO HAND  
HIM SUCH A  
TERRIBLE BEAT-  
ING! I WONDER  
WHAT'S BEHIND  
IT!



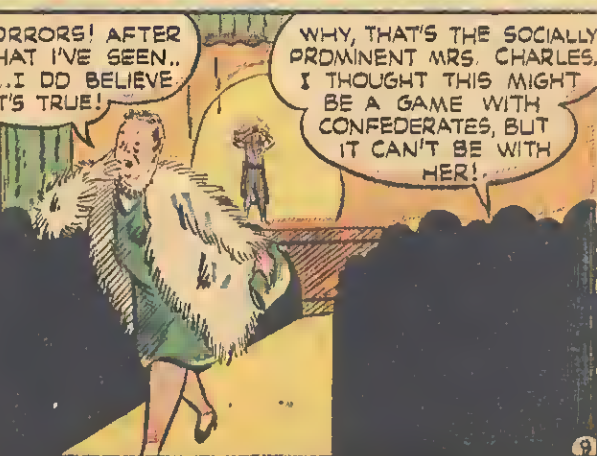
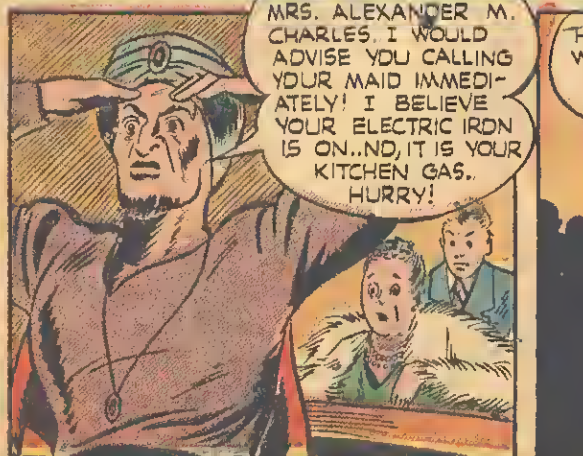
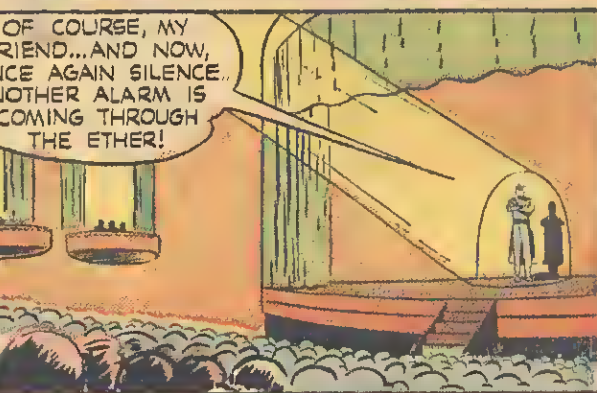
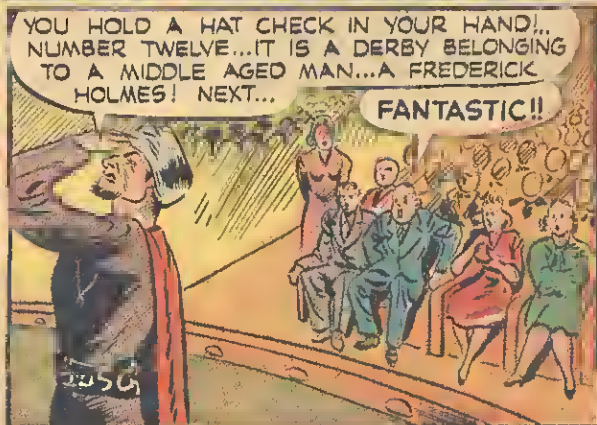
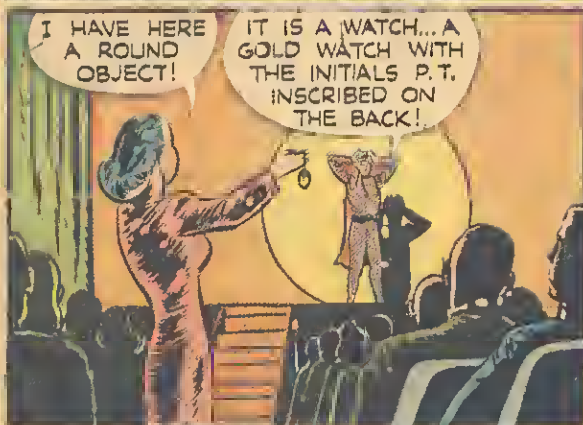
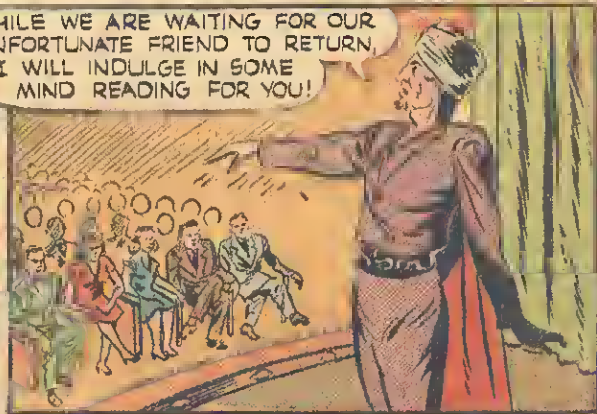
SOME MONTHS LATER AT  
THE OLD OPERA HOUSE...

In person  
**DE  
COSTA**  
THREE  
PERFORMANCES  
ONLY!













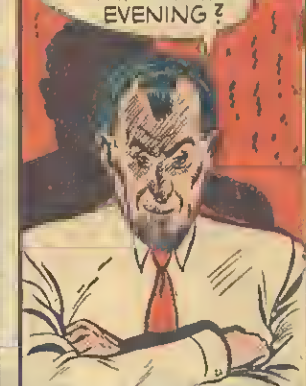


I REALLY DON'T KNOW WHETHER I SHOULD COME HERE..TEE HEE..BUT REALLY YOU WERE SO POSITIVELY AMAZING, I HAD TO SEE YOU, MR. DE COSTA! WILL YOU GIVE ME A PRIVATE HEARING?

AH, MY DEAR MRS. CHARLES, THAT IS SOMETHING I HAVE REFRAINED FROM DOING! HOWEVER, IN YOUR CASE...

OH, THANK YOU! THANK YOU... WHERE CAN WE HAVE IT?

I THINK IT BEST THAT YOU COME TO MY HOME! I FIND I MECITATE BEST THERE! SHALL WE SAY THIS VERY EVENING?



LATER...

..AND SO, MRS. CHARLES, I WOULD STRONGLY ADVISE THAT YOU ENTIRELY FORGET WHAT-EVER THAT DOCTOR OF YOURS MIGHT SAY! HE IS ENTIRELY WORTHLESS!

BUT WHAT SHALL I..I..DO? I..I HAVE SUCH TERRIBLE HEAD-ACHES, AND MY BACK...OH OEAR!

YOU SHALL GO TO THE SEASHORE BY THE LIGHT OF THE FULL MOON AND DRINK SALT WATER FROM A SILVER SPOON! IT IS THE ONLY REMEDY!



OH, DEAR, DEAR! YOU'RE SO WONDERFUL! WHAT WILL YOU ACCEPT FOR YOUR DIVINE ADVICE?

MY DEAR MRS. CHARLES.. ANYTHING! WHATEVER YOU HAVE TO OFFER WILL BE! GRACIOUSLY ACCEPTED FOR THE CAUSE, OF COURSE! GOOD NIGHT!







OH, IT'S YOU!  
YOU HAVE A  
GUEST!

YES, FATHER.  
I WOULD LIKE  
TO HAVE YOU  
MEET MR.  
GODFREY!



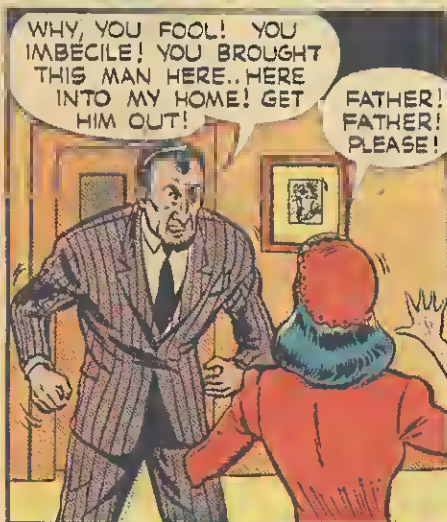
GOOD EVENING,  
MR. GODFREY, AH,  
WELCOME, WELCOME  
AND...WHAT IS  
YOUR BUSINESS,  
MAY I ASK?

CERTAINLY,  
SIR! I'M A  
DETECTIVE...A  
PRIVATE  
DETECTIVE!



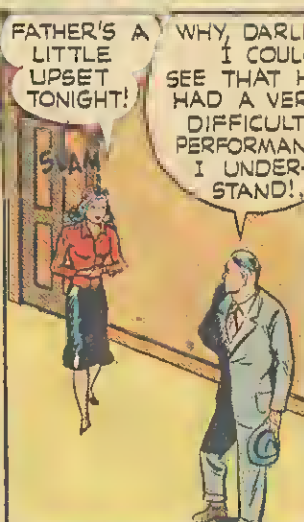
EXCUSE ME,  
SIR! PLEASE  
COME WITH ME,  
JESSICA, AT  
ONCE!

WHY, OF  
COURSE,  
FATHER!



WHY, YOU FOOL! YOU  
IMBECILE! YOU BROUGHT  
THIS MAN HERE..HERE  
INTO MY HOME! GET  
HIM OUT!

FATHER!  
FATHER!  
PLEASE!



FATHER'S A  
LITTLE  
UPSET  
TONIGHT!

WHY, DARLING  
I COULD  
SEE THAT HE'S  
HAD A VERY  
DIFFICULT  
PERFORMANCE!  
I UNDER-  
STAND!



GET  
AWAY!!  
WHAT  
ARE  
YOU?

YOU DON'T RECOGNIZE  
ME, MOOSE? IT'S NOT A  
PRETTY FACE, THANKS, TO  
YOU! I'M GRIFFIN, AND  
I'M GOING TO KILL  
YOU!



WHAT'S  
THAT?

**BANG!**

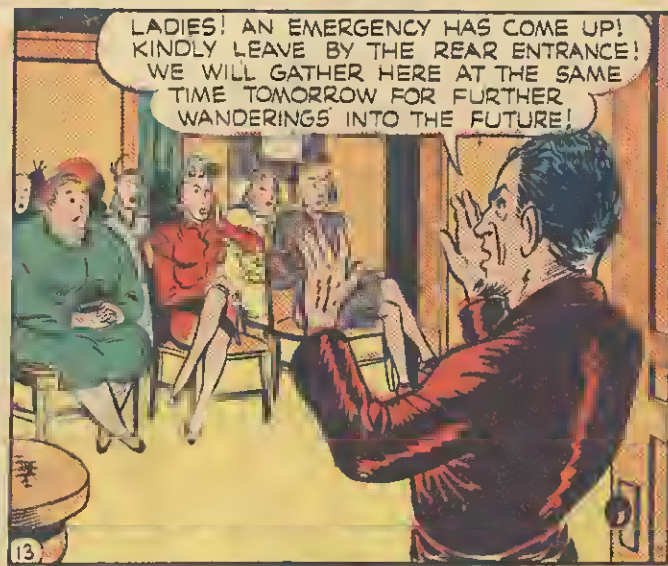
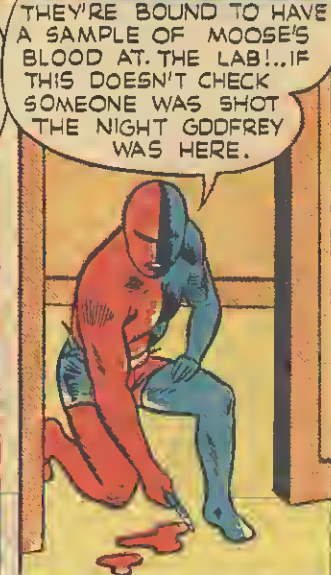
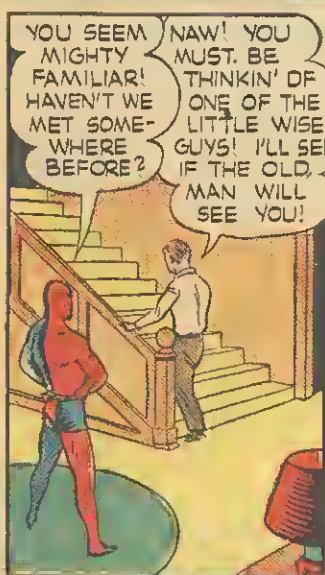
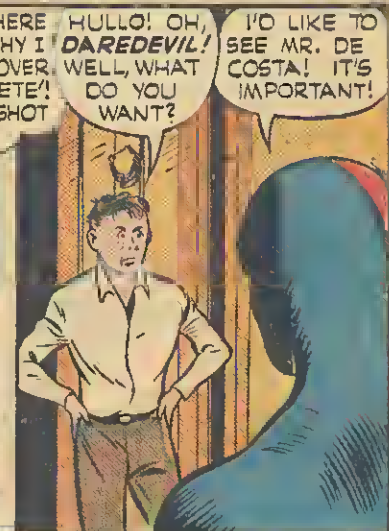
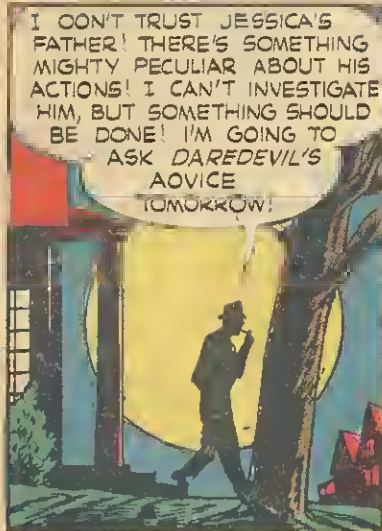
GOOD  
HEAVENS!

MR. DE COSTA!  
ARE YOU ALL  
RIGHT? WE  
HEARD A  
SHOT..AN..

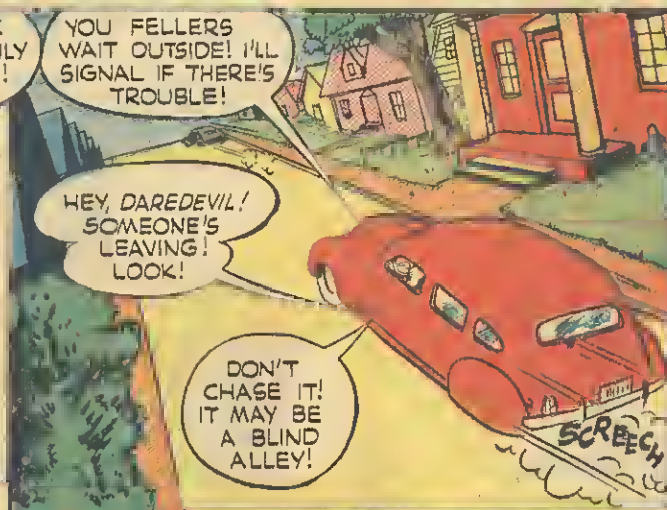
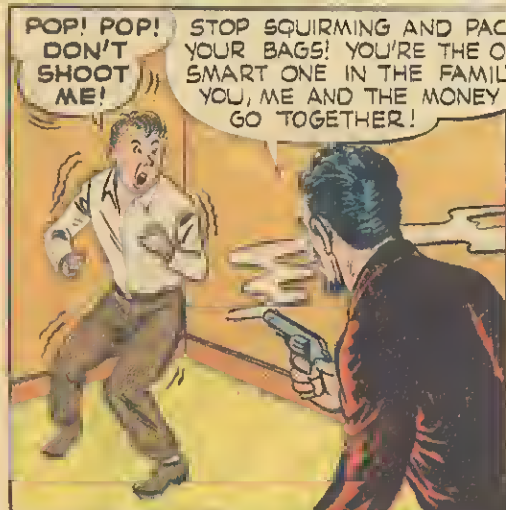
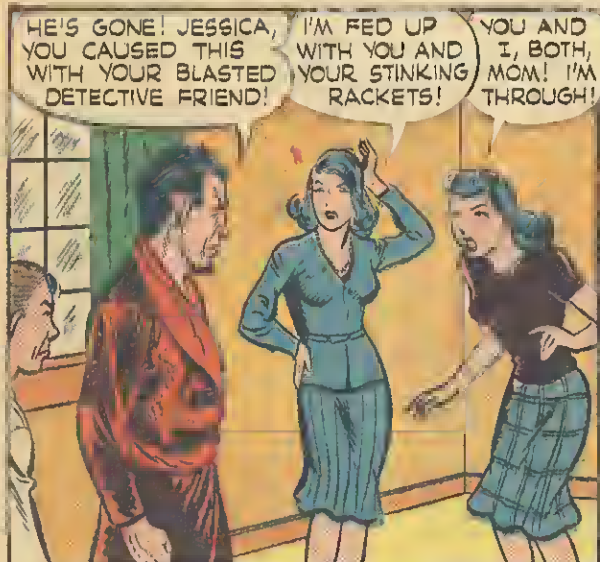


IT'S ALL RIGHT!  
GO AWAY! I HAD  
AN ACCIDENT  
CLEANING MY  
GUN! GOOD  
NIGHT!

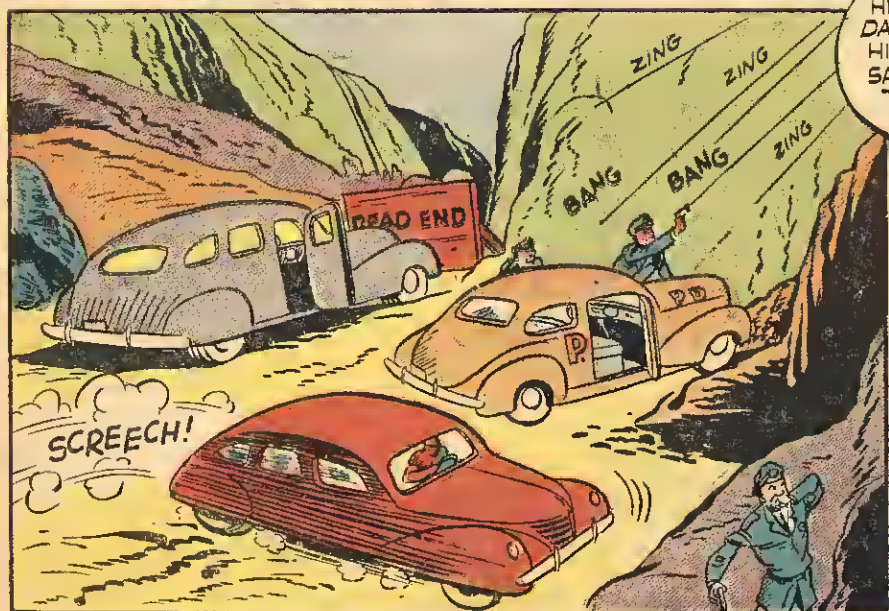
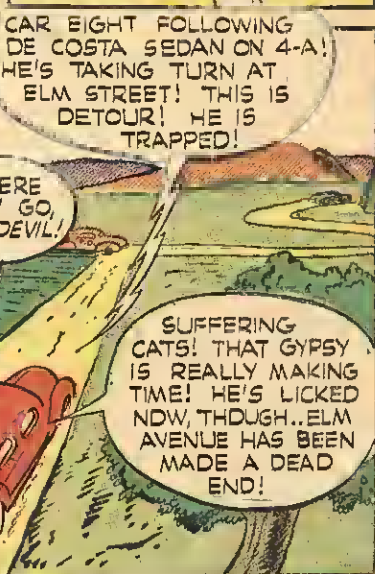
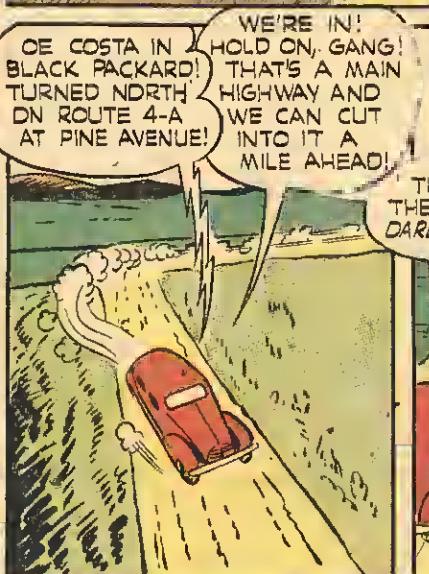
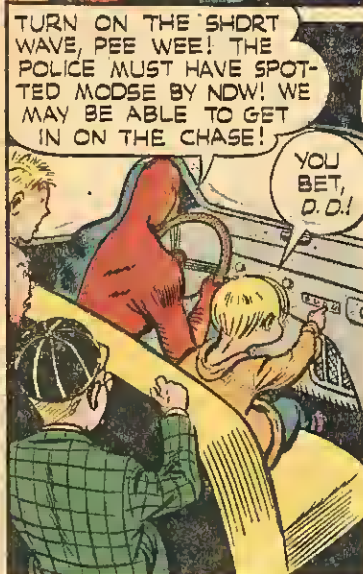
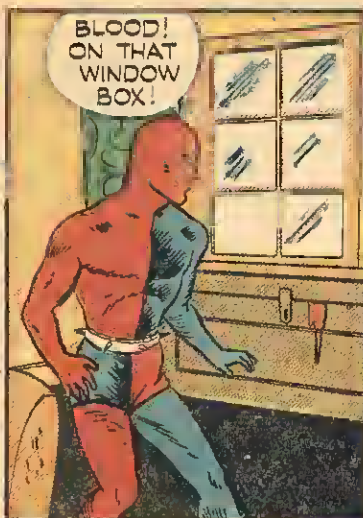
















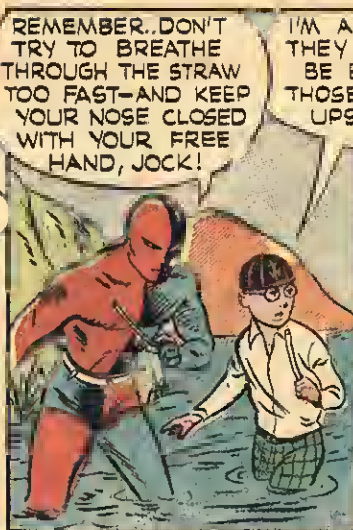
ALL RIGHT, WISE GUYS! WHICH ONE OF YOU WANTS TO HELP ME OUT FLANK DE COSTA?

I'LL DO IT!

ME!

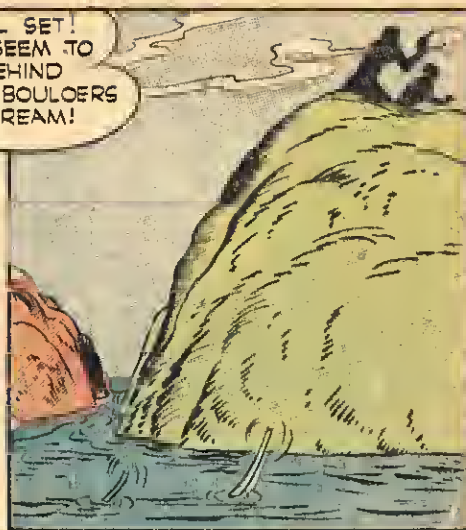
I'M YOUR MAN!

YOU'RE IT, JOCK!



REMEMBER..DON'T TRY TO BREATHE THROUGH THE STRAW TOO FAST-AND KEEP YOUR NOSE CLOSED WITH YOUR FREE HAND, JOCK!

I'M ALL SET! THEY SEEM TO BE BEHIND THOSE BOULDER UPSTREAM!



BANG!

BANG!



IT'S ALL RIGHT, DAREDEVIL! I CAN HANDLE THIS WART!

A PANTY WAIST, HUH?

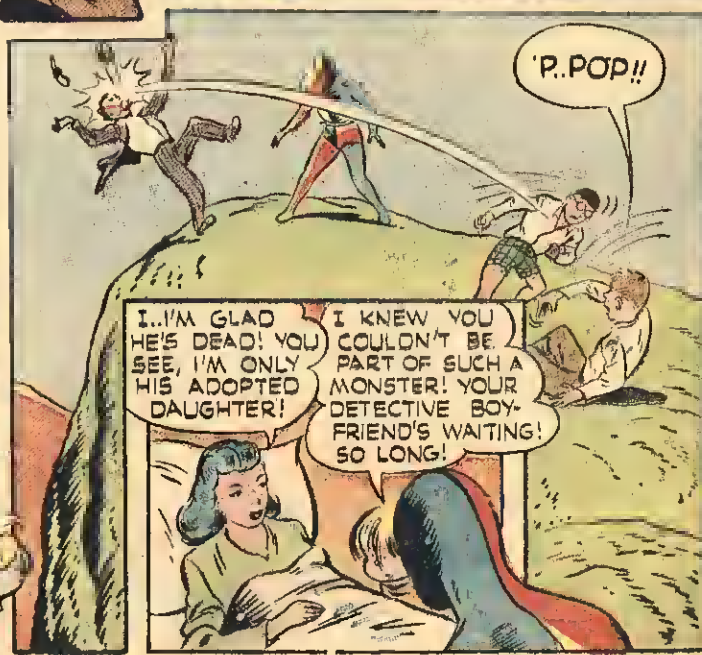
YOU WERE A FOOL TO MIX INTO MY AFFAIRS, DAREDEVIL!



NOW GET LITTLE LORD FAUNTLEROY OFF MY SON, AND STEP BACK FISHFACE!

IT WON'T DO YOU ANY GOOD, DE COSTA!

PUT THAT ROCK DOWN!



'P..POP!!

I..I'M GLAD HE'S DEAD! YOU SEE, I'M ONLY HIS ADOPTED DAUGHTER!

I KNEW YOU COULDN'T BE PART OF SUCH A MONSTER! YOUR DETECTIVE BOY-FRIEND'S WAITING! SO LONG!

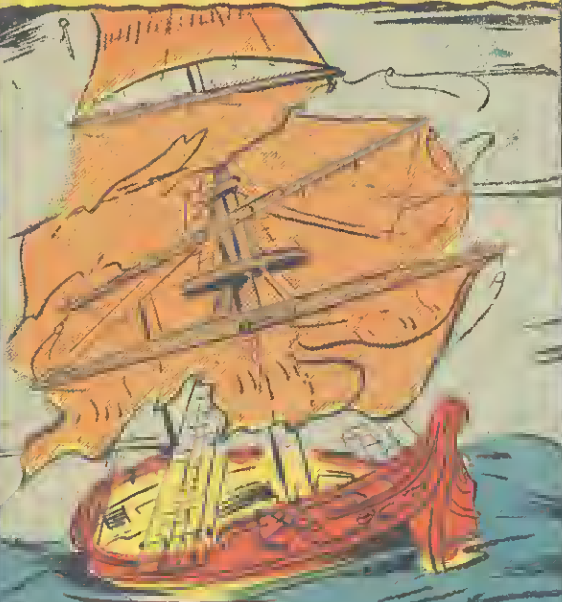


# PIRATE The PRINCE



— by DICK BEEFER —

Something GOSH-AWFUL IS HAPPENING  
TO THE "PIRATE PRINCE'S" SHIP.



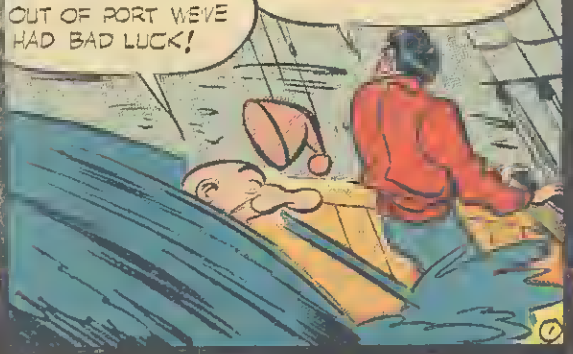
I GET ME A FINE  
NEW BRIG AND  
THIS IS WHAT  
HAPPENS! THE  
STORM OF STORMS!

IT'S A  
BEWITCHED  
SHIP!



IT'S A BAD SIGN,  
PRINCE!! EVER  
SINCE WE BROKE  
OUT OF PORT WE'VE  
HAD BAD LUCK!

FURL THE T'GANTS!!  
IT'S THE LAST BIT OF  
CANVAS WE HAVE!!





At last, the storm abates and the pirate prince surveys the ship.

NOT BAD, I SAY! WE LOST MOST OF OUR SAILS AND ONLY ONE SPAR. WHEN WE SIGHT LAND WE'LL GO ASHORE AND GET A STICK FOR A NEW ONE.

DON'T FORGET ALL MY MARBLES ROLLED AWAY. DON'T FORGET.



THERE'S LAND, LADS. THE SHIP WILL NEED ALL HANDS TO RE-RIG HER, SO I'LL GO ASHORE AND FIND A STRAIGHT TIMBER.



HELP!! SAVE ME!! I'M DYING!!

SOMEBODY'S IN TROUBLE!

OUCH!

OHH!

OW!

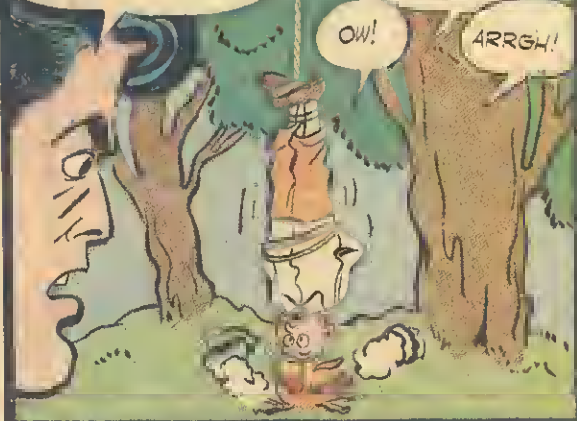


I'LL HAVE YOU DOWN IN A JIFFY, CHUM.

HURRY UP, PLEASE!

OW!

ARRGH!



THANKS, PAL. I WAS IN A TIGHT SPOT THERE. YOU'RE A STRANGER, AREN'T YOU? WELL, I'D ADVISE YOU TO GET OFF THIS LAND. I GUESS YOU NEVER HEARD OF HORRIBLE HORACE, THE SLICKEST CUT-THROAT IN THE WORLD. HE RULES THIS LAND WITH HIS KNIFE AND GUN. HE'S THE ONE THAT FIXED ME UP LIKE THIS. GO HOME! GOOD-BYE! CAN I COME WITH YOU?

NEVER HEARD OF HORRIBLE HORACE, AND I WOULDN'T BE AFRAID OF HIM IF I DID. THANKS FOR THE TIP, BUT I'M NOT TURNING BACK YET.

WELL, I WARNED YOU. I'LL NEVER SEE YOU AGAIN --- ALIVE, THAT IS.





I'M THE CONSTABULE HERE,  
AND I NEVER SAW YOU BEFORE.  
WHO ARE YOU AND WHAT  
DO YOU WANT?

NO TROUBLE, YOUR  
HONOR. I'M THE  
PIRATE PRINCE, AND  
ALL I WANT IS A NEW  
SPAR FOR MY SHIP.

O.K. ...O.K! CHOP  
ONE DOWN. TAKE  
YOUR TIME.

THE PIRATE  
PRINCE! HORRIBLE  
HORACE WILL LIKE  
TO KNOW THAT  
HE IS HERE"

HORRIBLE HORACE!!  
THE PIRATE PRINCE IS  
IN THE VICINITY!!

SO THE PIRATE PRINCE IS HERE, EH?  
WELL, WELL! I WILL FINALLY MEET HIM  
AND HAVE THE PLEASURE OF KILLING  
HIM. SEND HIM TO ME!

YOU WANT TO SEE ME,  
HORRIBLE HORACE? FROM  
WHAT I HAVE HEARD, I  
DON'T WISH TO BE  
BOtherED BY  
YOU

OH, NOW--YOU  
MUST HAVE BEEN  
MISINFORMED!  
I'M REALLY A  
KIND FELLOW.

M'LORD--I  
AM SORRY--I  
COOKED YOUR  
EGGS A TRIFLE  
TOO LONG.

COOKED MY EGGS A TRIFLE  
TOO LONG, EH? WELL,  
TAKE THIS!

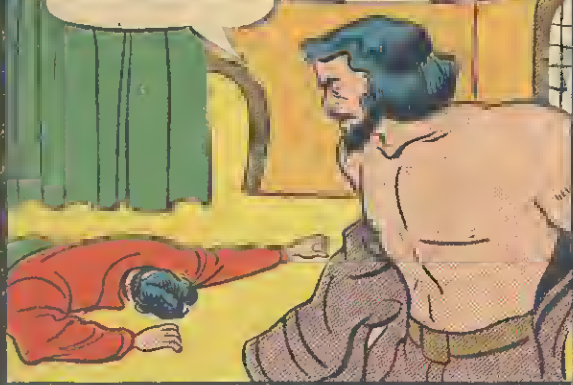
YOU SEE, PRINCE,  
I'M NOT A BAD FELLOW.  
I COULD HAVE  
TORTURED HER TO  
DEATH INSTEAD OF  
THIS HUMANE  
METHOD.

YOU KNOW, PIRATE PRINCE, YOU LOOKED VERY  
FAMILIAR WHEN YOU WALKED IN. AND NOW  
I KNOW WHO YOU REMIND ME OF! ME!  
WHY, BEFORE I GREW THIS BEARD AND LONG  
HAIR, I LOOKED JUST LIKE YOU--AND  
THAT GIVES ME AN IDEA!!

BANG



YOU'LL BE DEAD IN A SHORT WHILE, SO I'LL TELL YOU MY PLAN. YOU MUST HAVE QUITE A LARGE FORTUNE ON YOUR SHIP, WHAT WITH LIFTING ALL THE GOLD AND JEWELS FROM PIRATE SHIPS. I'M GOING TO GET IT, BUT I'LL ADMIT YOUR CREW IS PROBABLY TOO TOUGH FOR MY MEN TO HANDLE.



SO I'LL WEAR YOUR CLOTHES, SHAVE MY BEARD, CUT MY HAIR, AND I'LL LOOK JUST LIKE YOU! THEN, I CAN GO ABOARD YOUR BOAT, TAKE THE TREASURE ASHORE, AND YOUR CREW WILL BE NONE THE WISER!



THEY WON'T COME TO LOOK FOR ME BECAUSE I'LL TELL THEM I'M STAYING ASHORE AND THEY SHOULD SAIL ON WITHOUT ME. CHEERIO, PIRATE PRINCE.. HAPPY DYING!

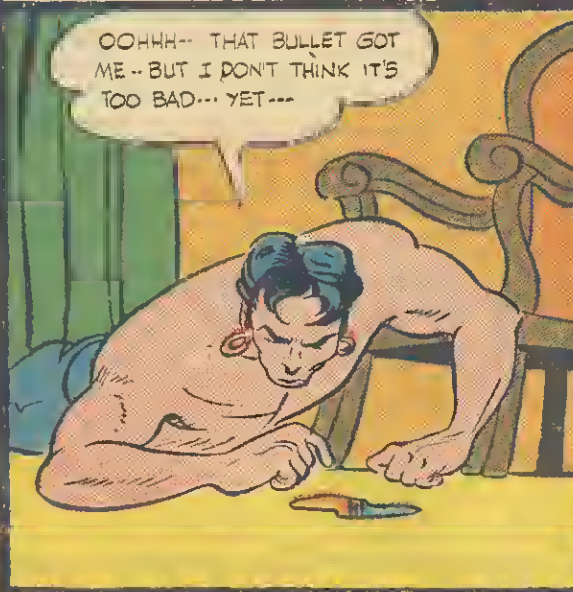


ER--AH--  
HOWDY,  
PIRATE  
PRINCE!

GOOD! EVEN THE  
CONSTABLE THINKS  
I'M THE PIRATE  
PRINCE!



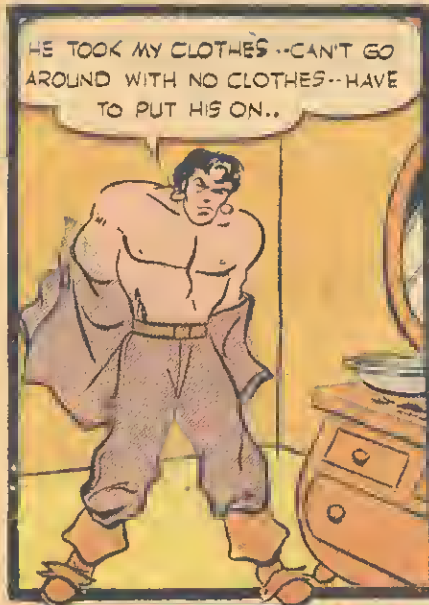
OOHHH-- THAT BULLET GOT ME-- BUT I DON'T THINK IT'S TOO BAD... YET---



I'VE GOT TO STOP HORRIBLE  
HORACE BEFORE I PASS OUT!







HE TOOK MY CLOTHES --CAN'T GO AROUND WITH NO CLOTHES--HAVE TO PUT HIS ON..



SAY!



ALL HIS HAIR HE CUT OFF --LYING RIGHT HERE --IF I COULD PASTE IT ON-- SURE!! IF HE CAN LOOK LIKE ME, I CAN LOOK LIKE HIM!



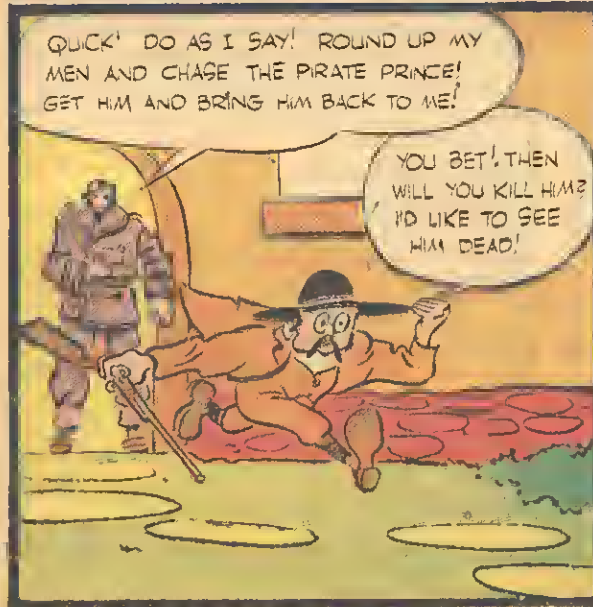
THERE! NOW IF I CAN STAY ON MY FEET LONG ENOUGH..



ER-AH-HOWDY, HORRIBLE HORACE. HOW COME YOU DIDN'T KILL THE PIRATE PRINCE?

EVEN THE CONSTABLE THINKS I'M HORRIBLE HORACE! GOOD!!

IDIOT! CAN'T YOU SEE? HE SHOT ME!! HE GOT AWAY!



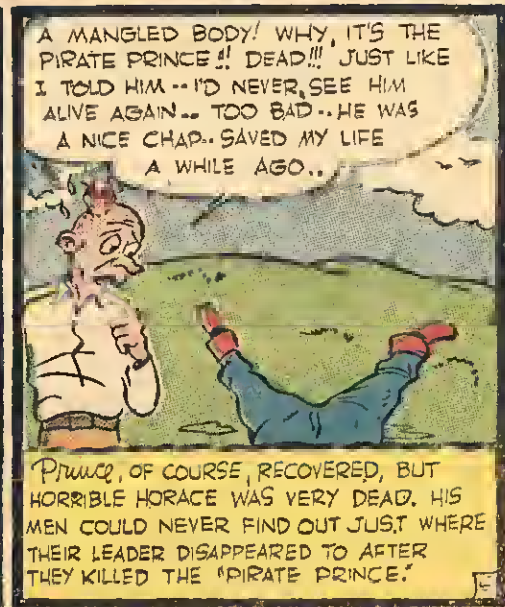
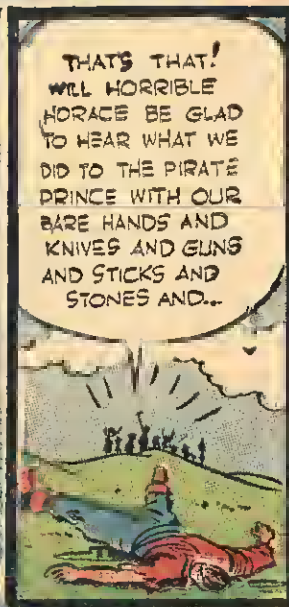
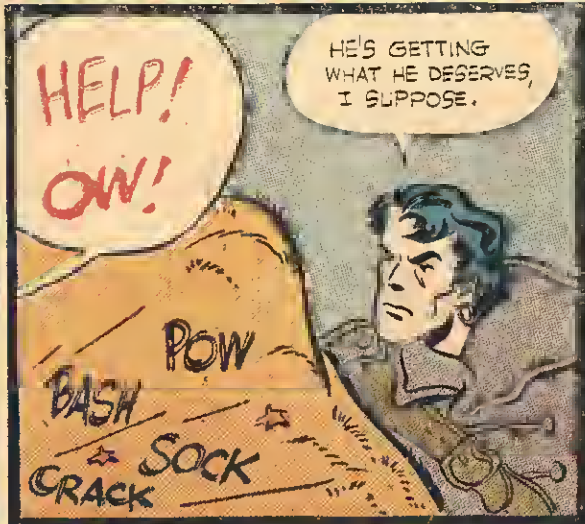
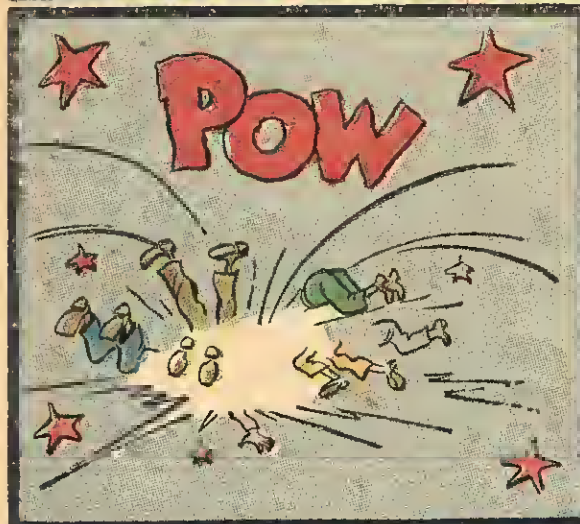
QUICK! DO AS I SAY! ROUND UP MY MEN AND CHASE THE PIRATE PRINCE! GET HIM AND BRING HIM BACK TO ME!

YOU BET! THEN WILL YOU KILL HIM? I'D LIKE TO SEE HIM DEAD!



COME ON, MEN! AFTER THE PIRATE PRINCE!! HE SHOT HORRIBLE HORACE! GET HIM BEFORE HE ESCAPES!



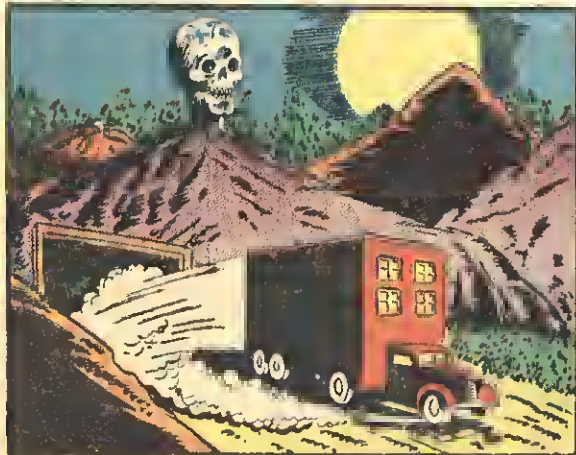




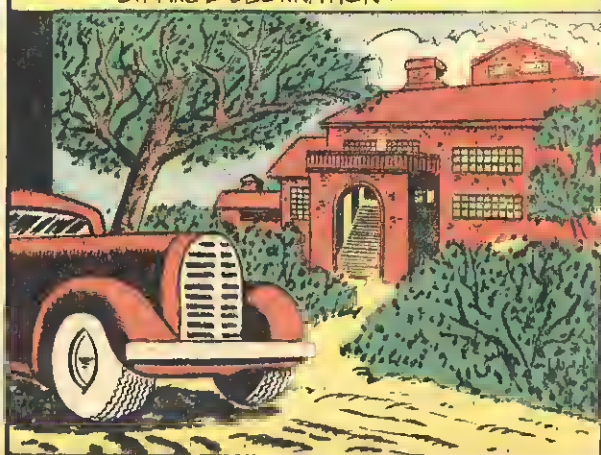
# THE CLAW



*That* EVENING A STRANGE TRUCK LEAVES THE CLAW'S HIDEOUT!...



...AND DAYS LATER REACHES A / STRANGE DESTINATION!







TRULY A HOME FIT FOR THE CLAW! PRICELESS RELICS FROM THE WORLD OVER TO INSPIRE ME!



HA, AND PROTECTION! IN THE MIDST OF THESE FOOLS I HAVE CREATED A SUPER FORTRESS UNDERGROUND THAT DEFIES ALL DETECTION!



BUT NOW TO ACTION! -THERE IS MUCH TO BE DONE!



YOU WISHED MY COUNCIL, CLAW?

ENTER SHANDINE! -BE COMFORTABLE FOR THERE IS MUCH TO BE DONE!



YOU ARE THE POSSESSOR OF GREATER STRENGTH THAN ANY MAN ALIVE!...AND NOW YOU MUST USE IT! -BUT YOU MUST ALSO USE YOUR MIND, SHANDINE!

BOTH ARE AT YOUR COMMAND, CLAW!

LATER AT THE NATIONAL INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY!



PROFESSOR CLYDE, IT'S MIRACULOUS, BUT IT'S SO DEADLY! -I WONDER IF IT SHALL EVER BE USED!

I PLAN TO USE IT ONLY AS A THREAT!...SO THAT OUR COUNTRY NEED NEVER BE ATTACKED AGAIN!...



...AN ELECTRICAL GUN OF SUCH POWER SHOULD FRIGHTEN EVEN THE MOST VICIOUS NATION! I APPRECIATE YOUR ASSISTANCE ON THE GUN GREATLY! GOOD NIGHT, SIR!

GOOD NIGHT, CLYDE!





PROFESSOR  
CLYDE, I  
BELIEVE?

WHY YES!...  
—WHAT  
IS IT?



THE CLAW WISHES  
YOU TO PAY HIM  
A VISIT! KINDLY  
COME ALONG!

SEE HERE  
WHAT ARE  
YOU TALKING  
ABOUT?  
—RELEASE ME!



CLYDE, IT IS USELESS  
FOR YOU TO RESIST! I  
HAVE THE STRENGTH  
OF MANY MEN THOUGH  
I WILL NOT HAVE TO  
USE IT!

OH-WH!  
YOU'RE  
MAD!



HA, NOT MAD AT ALL, PROFESSOR!  
—YOU'LL FIND THIS OFFICER  
QUITE AGREES WITH ME!

THANK  
HEAVENS,  
OLICE!



THIS MAN!... HE'S  
ATTEMPTING TO  
TAKE ME TO THE  
CLAW AND...

I'M SORRY, I'M DOCTOR  
KENTWELL... AND THIS... ER..  
PATIENT OF MINE... HAS  
JUST RUN OFF! I'M TRYING  
TO RETURN HIM!

SURE NOW—  
AND GIVE ME  
SOME PROOF!



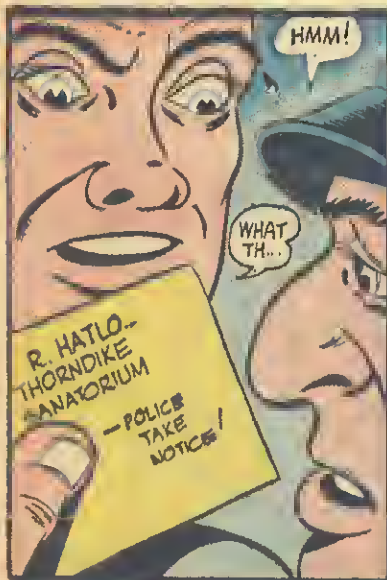
MR. HATLO HERE  
BELIEVES HE IS  
SOME PROFESSOR!  
—A DIFFICULT  
CASE!

BELIEVES!! OFFICER, I  
HAPPEN TO BE PROFESSOR  
CLYDE OF THE INSTITUTE  
HERE! THIS MAN IS  
ATTEMPTING TO ABDUCT ME!



HERE ARE MY CREDENTIALS!..  
—THEY WILL PROVE MY CASE IN  
THIS FANTASTIC AFFAIR!





HMM!

WHAT TH...



NOW YOU GO ALONG WITH THE GOOD DOCTOR, MR. HATLO! EVERYTHING'S GOING TO BE ALL RIGHT!

STOP HIM, YOU FOOL! THAT CARD WAS PLANTED ON ME! -LISTEN!!

TUT, TUT, STEP ALONG NOW!

SEVERAL HOURS LATER!



SO, PROFESSOR CLYDE... YOU HAVE ACCEPTED MY INVITATION!

GREAT HORRORS!



I WON'T MINCE WORDS! -YOU ARE GOING TO GIVE ME YOUR ELECTRICAL GUN INVENTION! YOU HAVE SEEN HOW USELESS IT IS TO RESIST MY POWER! PROTESTING WILL DO NO GOOD!

YOU MONSTER! NONE OF YOUR FOUL TRICKS WILL EVER MAKE ME DIVULGE THAT! -I WOULD DIE FIRST!



A BRAVE SPEECH, FOOL... BUT DID YOU THINK I WOULD GIVE YOU THE ESCAPE OF MERE DEATH! -HO, BRING OUR FRIEND TO THE ROOM OF A MILLION MIRRORS!



The ROOM OF A MILLION MIRRORS!

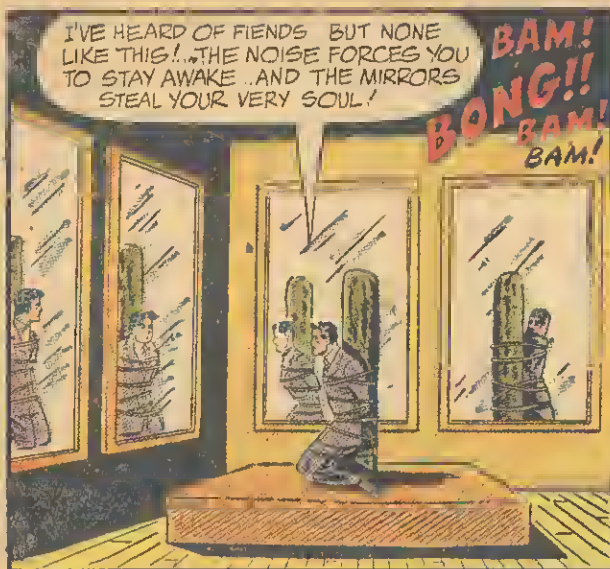
CLYDE, ONE WEEK STRAPPED IN HERE TO SEE YOUR OWN FACE COUNTLESS THOUSANDS OF TIMES OVER AND OVER WILL MAKE ANY MAN SPEAK!

WHY, YOU BEAST! THAT WOULD TAKE A MAN'S VERY SENSES!



STRAP THE INSOLENT ONE DOWN! IN A FEW HOURS HE WILL BE BEGGING TO TELL ME!





I'VE HEARD OF FIENDS BUT NONE LIKE THIS!...THE NOISE FORCES YOU TO STAY AWAKE...AND THE MIRRORS STEAL YOUR VERY SOUL!

**BAM!**  
**BONG!!**  
**BAM!**  
**BAM!**



I CAN'T TAKE MUCH MORE OF THIS! MY MIND WILL GO AND THEN I'LL BE A SERVANT TO HIS WILL!...HE'LL LEARN THE SECRET ANYWAY!

**BAM!**  
**BANG!**

**BANG!**  
**BONG!**  
**BAM!**



HOURS PASS!

THOSE FACES! THOUSANDS OF THEM! ALL MINE! OH, NO, NO, NO! I CAN'T STAND IT!



THERE'S ONLY ONE THING TO DO...GET OUT OF THIS PLACE! PROMISE TO TELL, THEN K-KILL M-MYSELF!



MASTER, MASTER! THE LEARNED ONE WILL SPEAK NOW! HE IS BEATEN!

**SOUNDS!**  
**BRING HIM HERE!**



BEFORE I CAN CONSTRUCT MY GUN... I MUST HAVE EQUIPMENT FROM MY LABORATORY!

PRECISELY! MY CLAWITES STOLE YOUR EVERY GADGET THIS MORNING! THERE THEY ARE! IT IS A SHAME YOUR COMPLETED INVENTION IS IN WASHINGTON!... THEN YOU WOULD NOT BE NEEDED!



THERE IS ONLY ONE MORE THING, MY INVENTING TOOL...



DO NOT ATTEMPT TO KILL YOURSELF FOR AN EXPERT SURGEON IS ON DUTY! HE WILL PATCH UP WHATEVER DAMAGE YOU DO AND THEN I SHALL INFLICT MY OWN TORTURE! YOU SEE I HAVE COVERED EVERY POSSIBLE AVENUE OF ESCAPE!

**YOU SEE I HAVE COVERED EVERY POSSIBLE AVENUE OF ESCAPE!**



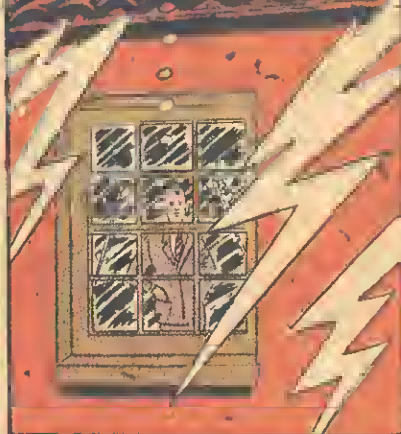
FAR INTO THE NIGHT, PROFESSOR CLYDE STRUGGLES WITH THE DESPERATE SITUATION!



I'M HOPELESSLY TRAPPED!  
-UNLESS I CAN PRODUCE BY  
MORNING HE'LL PUT ME BACK  
INTO THAT INFERNAL MIRROR  
ROOM AND DRAG IT OUT  
OF MY CRAZED MIND!



IF ONLY ONE OF THOSE  
LIGHTNING BOLTS WOULD  
CRACK THIS DEVIL'S LAIR  
APART... SAY!...



GREAT JOYE!... IT MIGHT WORK!  
THESE RODS CAN ATTRACT LIGHTNING FOR  
YARDS! WITH LUCK I CAN SMASH THIS  
PLACE WIDE OPEN!



I'VE GOT TO HAVE THAT  
WINDOW OPEN FOR MY TEST!  
-YOU CAN GUARD ME FROM  
JUMPING OUT, BUT OPEN IT!

CAN  
NOT  
HURT!

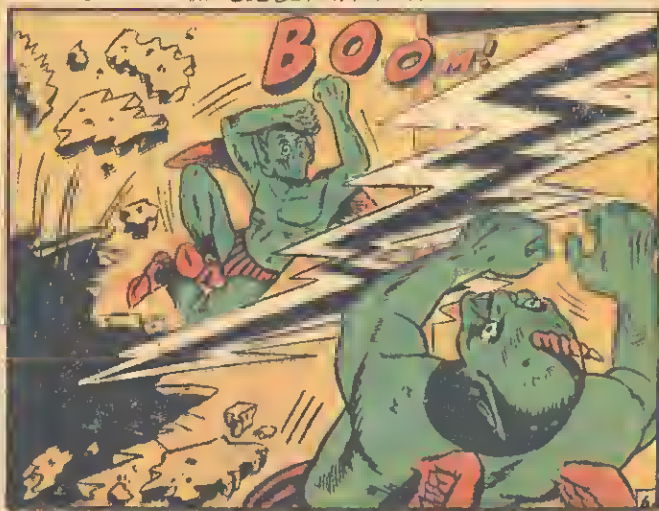
WE  
STAND IN  
FRONT OF  
WINDOW!



NOW TO STALL... IF A BOLT  
COMES THROUGH IT WILL KNOCK  
THOSE TWO LOONS THROUGH  
THE WALL!



The FIERCE ELECTRICAL STORM MOVES  
CLOSER AND CLOSER... THEN!...



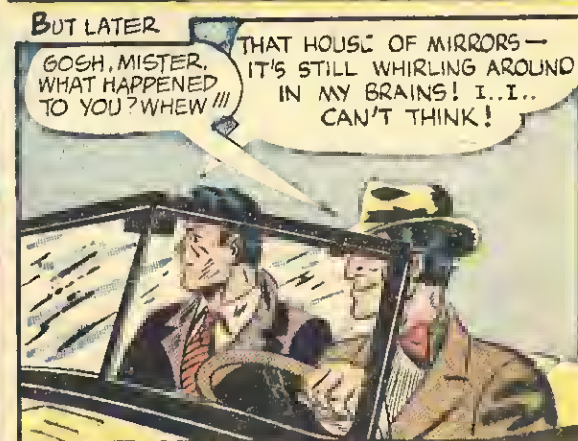
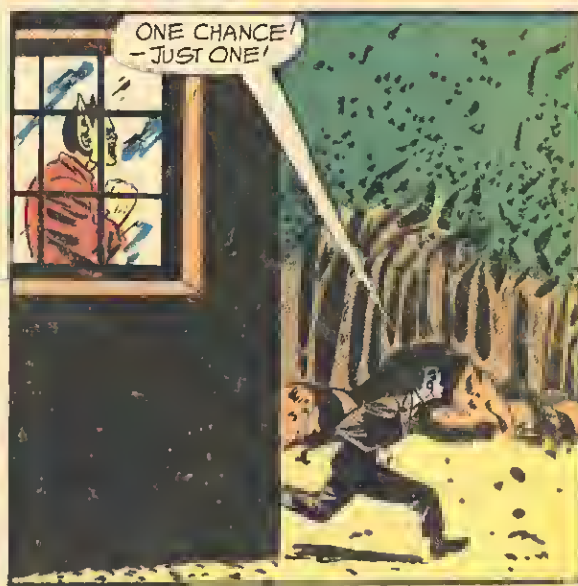
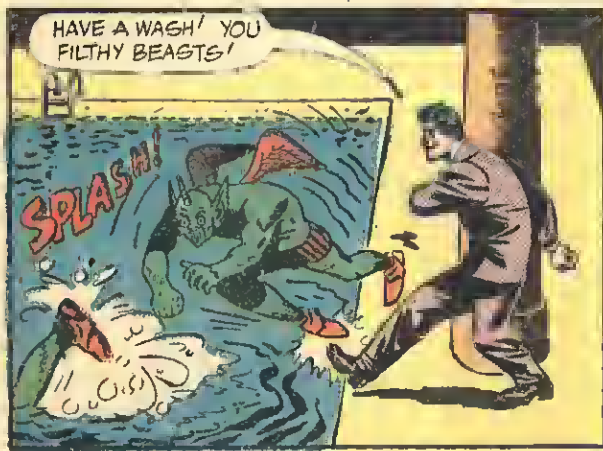




DISCOVERED! -BUT THERE'S ONLY TWO OF THEM!







UNFORTUNATELY, PROFESSOR CLYDE - THE CLAW HAS STOLEN YOUR MIND AND YOU'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO INFORM THE PROPER AUTHORITIES OF HIS WHEREABOUTS. **EXTRA!!** THE YEAR'S BIGGEST SURPRISE AWAITS YOU IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF **DAREDEVIL** ON THESE VERY PAGES!



# A REAL CHAMP

By DICK WOOD

**C**RIMEBUSTER and Squeeks walked across the wide hilly terrain of the Elmont golf and tennis club. At the top of a large sand dune *Crimebuster* suddenly stopped.

"Suffering cats," he exclaimed. "Look at the activity up at the club house. I thought since the war this place had been practically given over to farming."

Quickening their pace, America's ace crime-cracker and his pet monkey reached the club house and mingled with a dozen others all attired in tennis clothes and swinging their tennis rackets. An old, round-faced man popped out from a bustle of men near the water fountain and slapped *Crimebuster* on the back.

"*Crimebuster!* What the devil are you doing here?"

"Hello, Pop," *Crimebuster* grinned. "I'm just taking a few days off, but tell me . . . what goes on up here?"

Pop frowned. "It's a tennis tournament. We're running it early this season for the war bond drive, and also for some of the fellers to play before they go into the army. But things aren't going so well," he added slowly. At this moment a tall, surly appearing young man brushed past them and old Pop frowned deeper. He turned suddenly and motioned *Crimebuster* toward the back.

"C'mon in my back room," he said, "I'll give you the sad story."

Pop put his feet up on the desk and began chewing a large black cigar.

"It all started when Charlie Webster, the millionaire, offered a five thousand dollar war bond to the winner of the tennis tournament if we'd run one. Guess he figured there weren't

many young men left in Elmont and he wanted to see them have a little fun before they went into the army."

"I always believed Webster had a soft heart underneath that tough face of his," *Crimebuster* cut in.

"That he has," replied old Pop. "But he's a stickler for detail and I've seen him argue over five cents for an hour . . . but now let me get on with the story. Well the five grand war bond was fine and jake with us and it meant that Elmont stood to win the county high bond sale without any trouble at all. We were all very happy 'cause we've been shooting for that county title for months. Then just as we're all celebrating who should pop up but Larry Barton."

"Barton, the tennis champ?"

"That's right, *Crimebuster*, but he's more of a chump than a champ. You see the county officials don't register any bond sales in the contest unless the purchaser signs a statement promising that he won't cash them in until the war ends. Already Barton is talking about the fun he's gonna have with the money. It's a cinch, no one in Elmont can beat Barton, so it means he wins the bond, refuses to sign the paper and Elmont loses the county championship."

"That's quite a mess," said *Crimebuster*. "Are you sure Barton won't consent to sign the paper, after all he's a resident of Elmont too?"

"That's just it. Even though he hasn't been here for years, it's his legal home. Otherwise I'd throw him out of the match. He won't sign anything and the big lug came half way across the country when he got wind of this just to pick up that big bond. I wouldn't mind him winning, rat that he is, if he'd be decent



and not turn it in. No sense folks making believe they're patriotic and buying bonds just to cash 'em in when other folks' backs are turned."

*Crimebuster's* eyes narrowed. "Pop," he said, "your tourney's just starting, sign me in, and put me on the opposite side of the draw from Barton. I'm no tennis champ, but maybe I can give the chump a fight."

Two days later *Crimebuster* stepped out on the championship court at the Elmont country club. He had spent a hard two days beating four opponents to reach the finals, and Barton. Now for the first time he was nervous. He hadn't played tennis seriously for months and a system of steadiness had pulled him past the other run of the mill players. But Barton was different. The surly, handsome athlete had beaten some of the nation's best players and he would murder any slow poke's safe and sure system that *Crimebuster* tried to use against him. Barton was a master of every shot and could drive, lob and volley with equal effectiveness. At his best after months of practice *Crimebuster* realized that the odds would be greatly against him in such a contest. But now, hardly warmed up, it might turn out to be a farce. Barton had swept through his matches casually without half trying. He hadn't begun to use the master strokes that had carried him into the tennis spotlight some years back. *Crimebuster* looked at old Pop's hopeful face on the sidelines and winced. The old man was relying on him to pull Elmont into the championship. Perhaps he should have kept his mouth shut and not gotten Pop's spirits up.

"C'mon guy," Barton smiled as *Crimebuster* reached the net. "You're all that stands between me and five thousand bucks. And what a time I'm gonna have with that!"

*Crimebuster* frowned. "Let's go," he said.

The first set breezed by quickly. *Crimebuster* was carefully placing his shots and Barton was casually blasting them back for points. It was good tennis on both sides, but Barton was the master and *Crimebuster* the pupil. In the second set *Crimebuster* grit his teeth and began putting more punch into his shots. Vicious forehand drives ripped down Barton's alley, but the graceful artist of the courts seemed to be here, there and everywhere. His racket would flick out like a striking snake and push back defensively what he couldn't

slam home for a point. The sweat was pouring from America's ace youth of action now. He struggled desperately for each point, but the smiling, taunting face of Barton's was always there across the net laughing at his efforts.

The games were 3 to 1 for Barton in the second and last set when it happened. *Crimebuster* had just taken his service stance when he glanced over at old Pop. What he saw there turned his throat into a hard ball. The old man's eyes were wide and watery and it wasn't from the crisp spring air. For the first time anger welled up inside him. It wasn't right that one youth gifted with athletic ability should take advantage of a home town situation and break an old man's heart. Pop had fought too hard to put Elmont over the top not to get a square deal. *Crimebuster's* arm whipped through the air and sent a perfect service ace blasting past Barton. From here on it was do or die. He would have to gamble on spectacular shots and hope for the best.

In the next half hour the folk of Elmont had ringside seats to a championship tennis match. The confident smirk was gone from Barton's face now. He was fighting for his life. Using every trick in the book against a slender grim faced youth who had suddenly turned into a miniature Tilden. The second set went to *Crimebuster* 6-3. Then one, two, three, four games of the third and final set and still the master Barton couldn't stop the surge of victory. He was red faced and worried as his scorching drives and shots kept coming back with added momentum. Both players were panting from their desperate exertion now. Barton cursing, *Crimebuster* praying. Praying that this astonishing streak of skill would stick with him to the last point. Then it was there. Game, set, and match point, with Barton serving. A perfect service slammed into *Crimebuster's* court and a racket flashed in the sun. A sensational backhand return mousetrapped Barton in his service corner and the game was over.

Sometime later old Pop gazed down at *Crimebuster* as he sat behind the desk signing a paper.

"G-Gosh. I can't believe it," he stuttered. "Why, Barton is one of the country's best. It's fantastic . . . how did you do it?"

*Crimebuster* looked up and smiled. "I didn't Pop," he said. "WE did!"

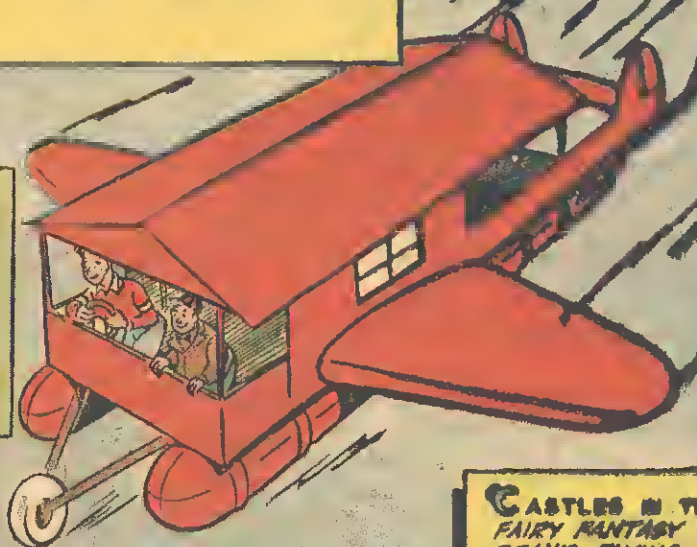
# DICKIE DEAN

THE BOY INVENTOR

IS IT A TORNADO?  
IS IT A HURRICANE?  
IS IT A NIGHTMARE?

**NO!**

IT'S DICKIE DEAN'S  
**FLYING  
BUNGALOW!!**



**CASTLES IN THE SKY... NO  
FAIRY FANTASY WHEN DICKIE  
DEAN'S FLYING BUNGALOW  
BECOMES A REALITY... WHO  
KNOWS-PERHAPS THE HOME  
OF TOMORROW WILL BE A  
PLAYGROUND IN THE CLOUDS!**

WELL, ZIP, THE BLUE  
PRINTS ARE READY... I  
CAN START WORK ON  
THE FLYING BUNGALOW  
TOMORROW...

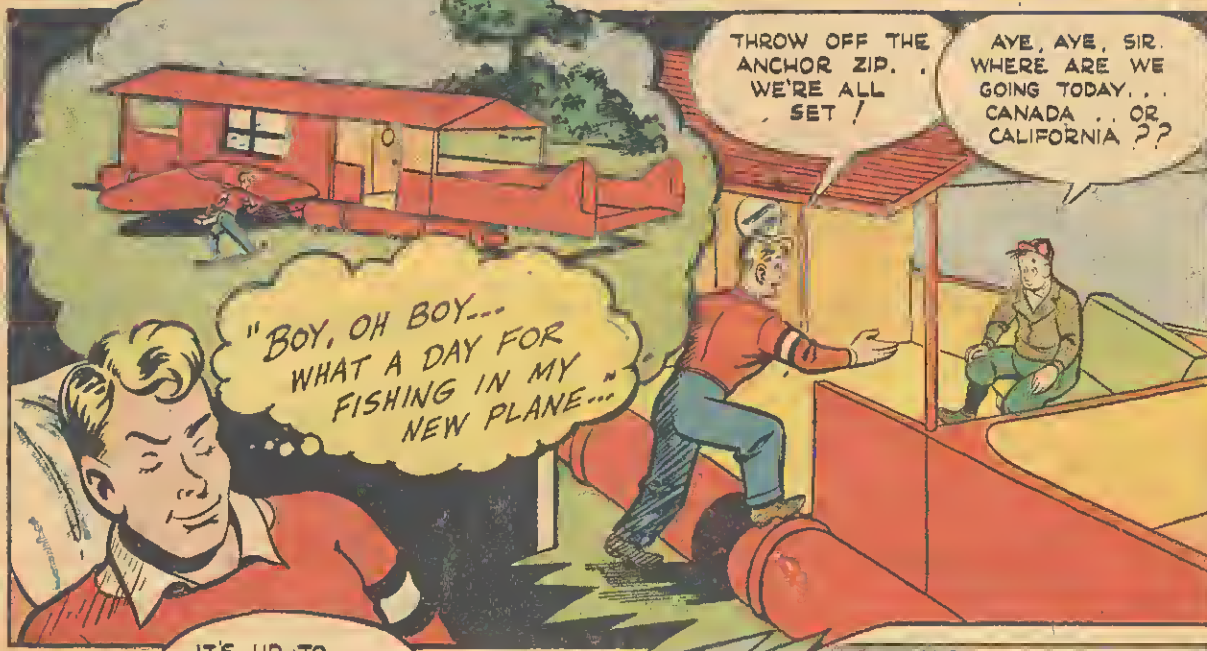
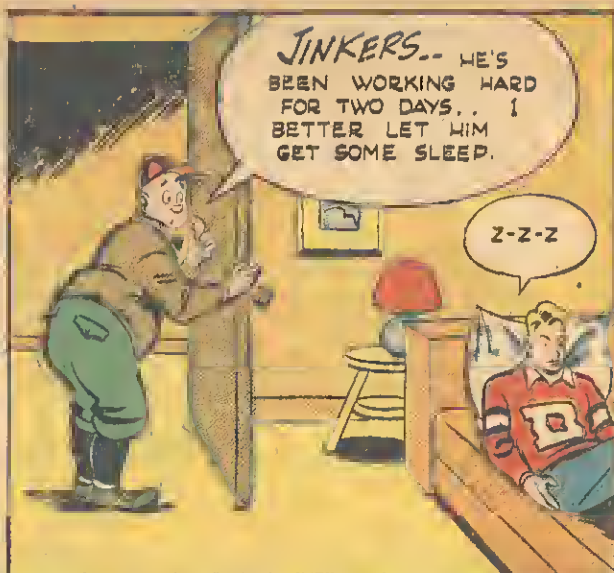
**JINKERS!!**  
THAT'S SWELL...  
TELL ME MORE  
ABOUT IT,  
DICKIE!!

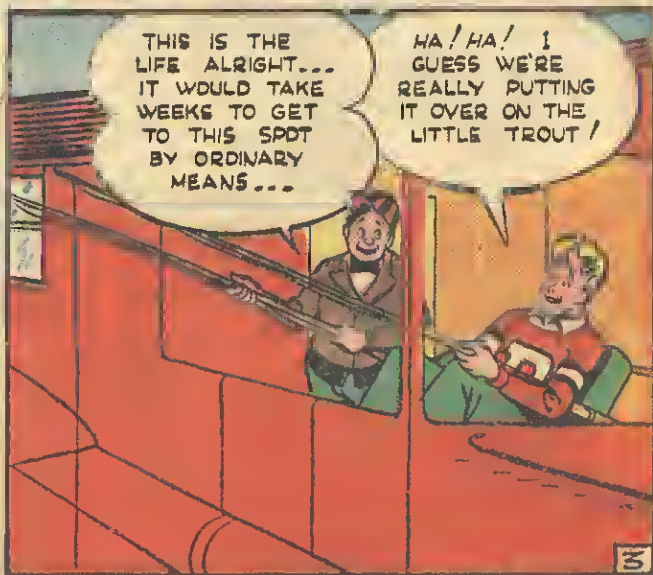
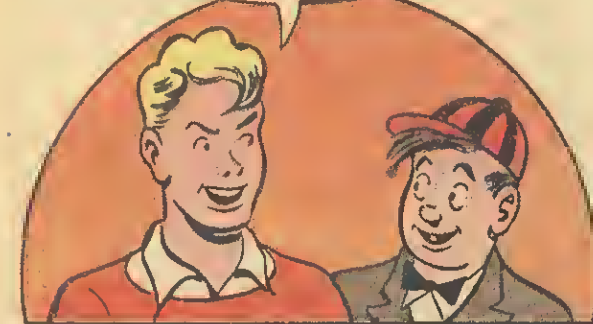
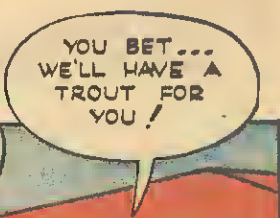
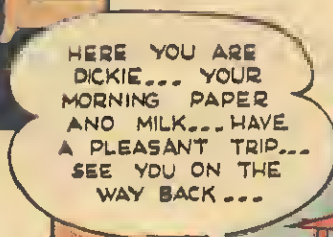
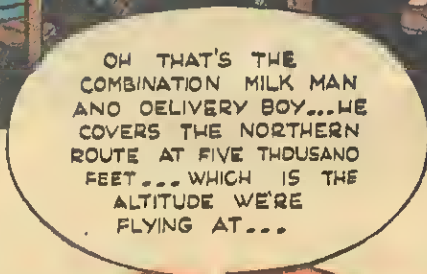
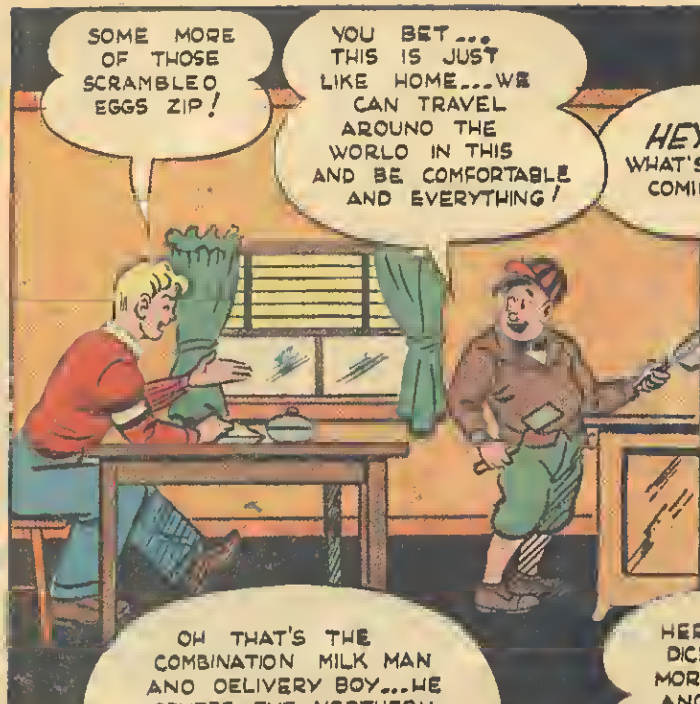
WELL... YOU SEE, MAGNETIC RAYS  
LIKE ON THE SKY BUGGY ARE  
GOING TO HOLD IT UP... ITS  
SPEED WILL BE ABOUT ONE  
HUNDRED AND FIFTY... WHICH  
IS PRETTY GOOD FOR SOME-  
THING THIS  
SIZE!!

**SOLLY YEAH...  
IT'S BIGGER  
THAN A LIVING  
ROOM, HUH?**











SUDDENLY...

WUP!

WHAT A  
BITE...

BITE!

- GREAT  
GOSH WHAT HAVE  
YOU GOT ON  
YOUR LINE?

IT MUST  
BE A  
WHALE!

GULP...  
WE CAN'T  
STOP IT!

W-WERE  
GOING  
INTO THE  
RIVER!

CRASH!

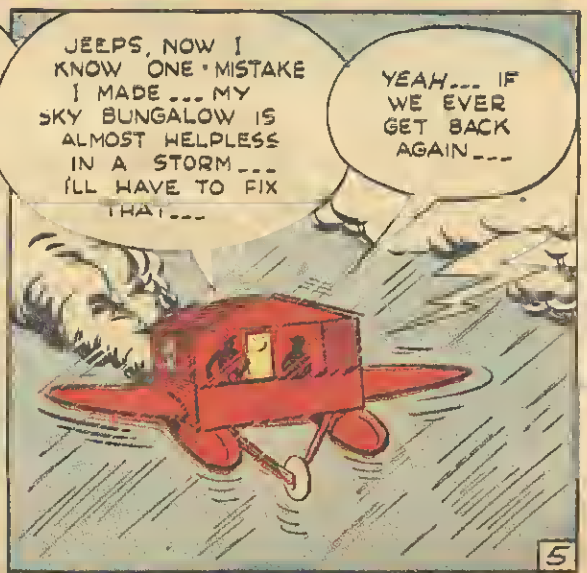
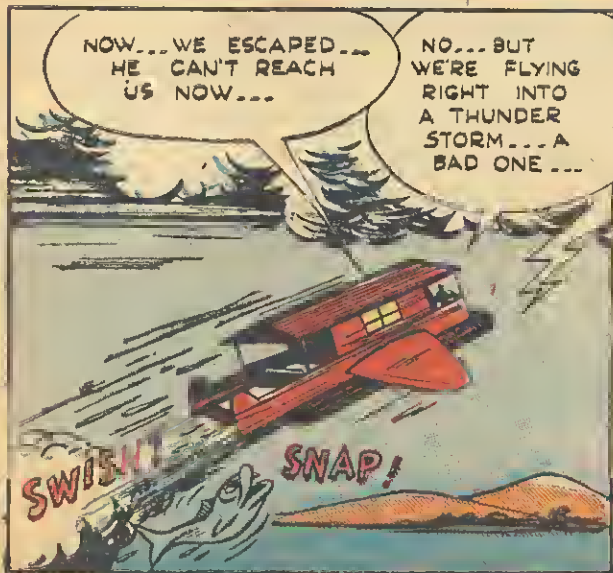
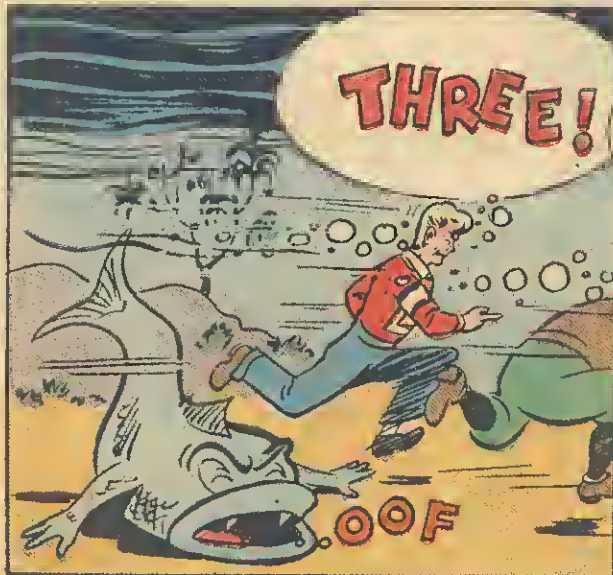
LOOK, DICKIE...  
IT'S A TROUT...  
A GIANT...  
TROUT!

I WONDER  
WHAT HE'S  
GOING TO  
DO WITH  
US?

DICKIE DEAN AND  
ZIP TODD... STEP  
INTO THE CHAMBER  
OF THE TROUT MASTERS!  
YOU ARE ON  
TRIAL!

BUT WHAT HAVE  
WE DONE?

GEE, IT'S  
A REGULAR  
UNDER WATER  
KINGDOM  
LIKE!





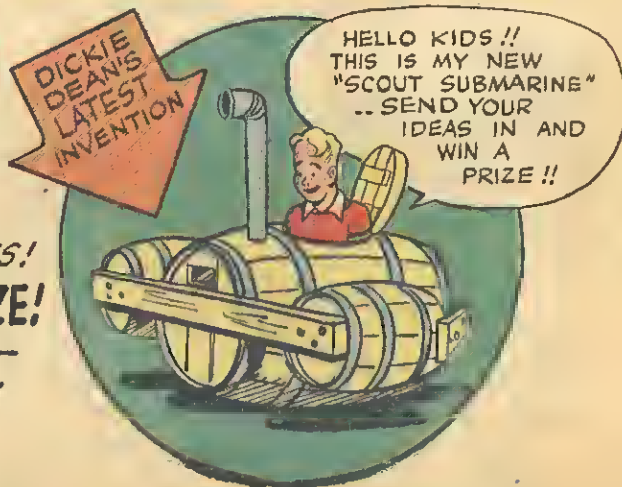


# DICKIE DEAN INVENTION CONTEST

PRIZES TO BE ANNOUNCED IN THE  
NEXT ISSUE OF *DAREDEVIL COMICS*!

YOUR INVENTION MAY **WIN A PRIZE!**

SEND YOUR INVENTION TO DICKIE DEAN—  
CARE OF MAGAZINE HOUSE  
114 E. 32<sup>ND</sup> ST., NEW YORK, N.Y.  
ZONE 16



# SNIFFER

CARL HUBBELL

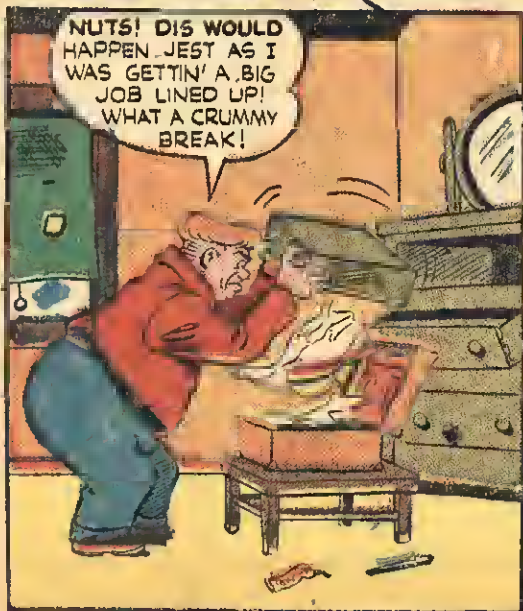
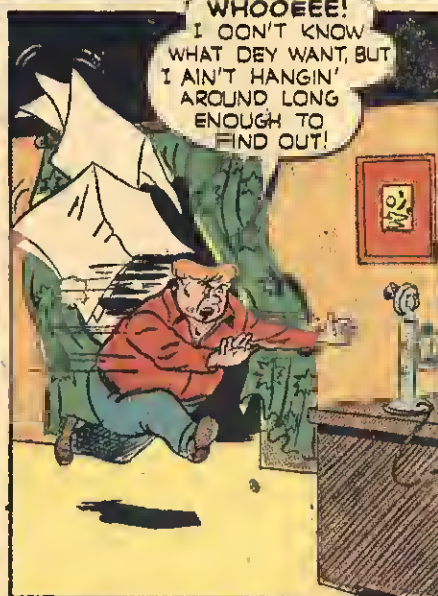
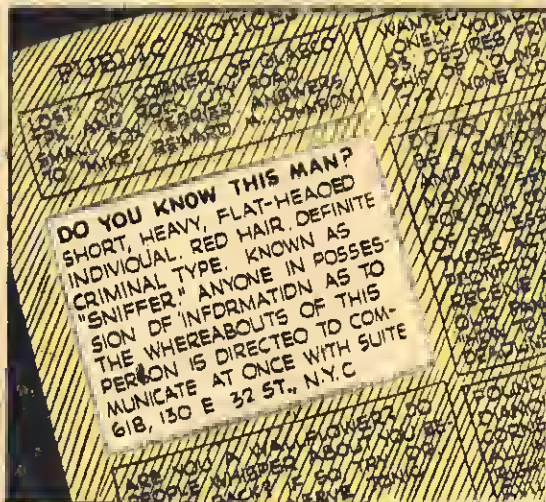
AWK!

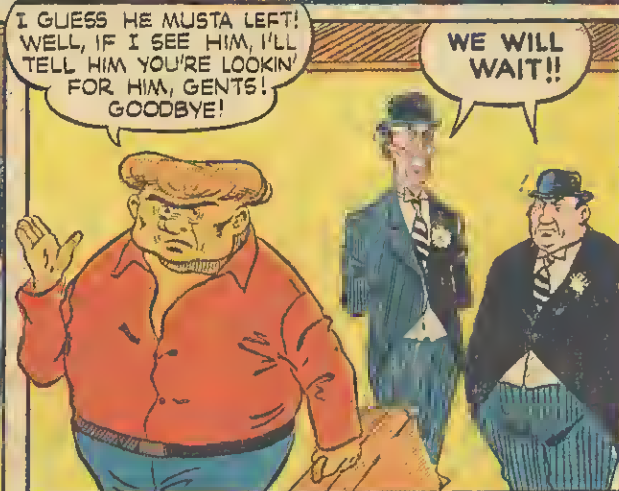
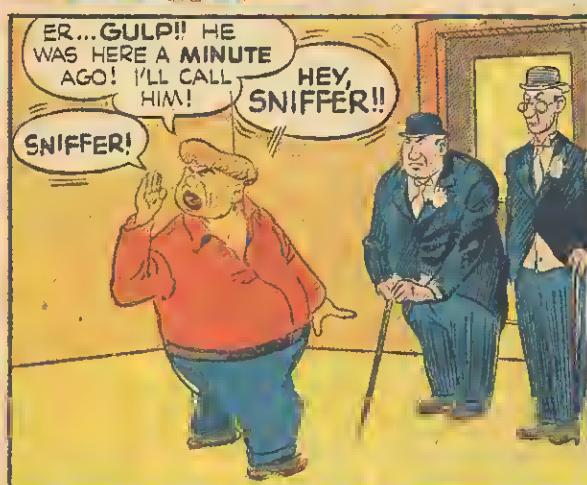
GULP!  
DAT GUY WAS  
RIGHT! DIS IS  
DA MOST PERDUCTIVE  
SOIL I EVER  
SEEN!!

?

THROUGH AN ODD TWIST OF  
FATE, THE NOTORIOUS AND  
DANGEROUS **SNIFFER** SEEMS TO  
BE MIXED UP IN THE FARMING  
RACKET! AND RAISING **CORN**,  
OF ALL THINGS! STILL, FROM HIM,  
THAT SEEMS ONLY NATURAL!









YOU, SIR, HAVE INHERITED THE VAST COUNTRY ESTATE OF THE LATE WEALTHY BUT ECCENTRIC AMOS G. STONEFELLER, THE FAMOUS WALL STREET TYCOON!

HOW'D HE HAPPEN TO LEAVE IT TO ME?



MR. STONEFELLER'S HOBBY WAS CRIMINOLOGY AND THE STUDY OF THE SUBNORMAL MINOS OF CRIMINALS AND OTHER MISGUIDED TYPES! NATURALLY, HE FELT IN-DEBTED TO YOU FOR HAVING PROVIDED THE MOST FASCINATING SOURCE OF MATERIAL!



ALWAYS GLAD TO OBLIGE! TELL ME SOMETHIN' ABOUT OIS OUMP!

THE SOIL IS EXTREMELY FERTILE AND PROOUCTIVE, IN FACT, WHEN YOU PUT THE SEEDS IN, YOU HAVE TO JUMP BACK TO AVOID BEING KNOCKED DOWN BY THE PLANTS!



WHAT A SET-UP!! WE'LL OPEN UP A BLACK MARKET AN' CLEAN UP! YIPPEE!

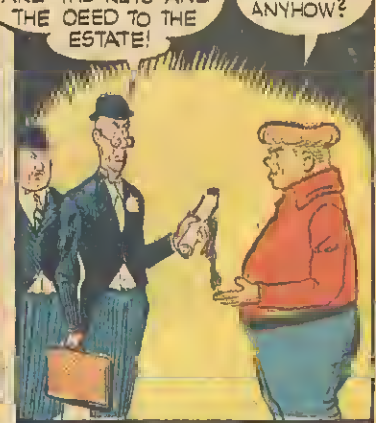
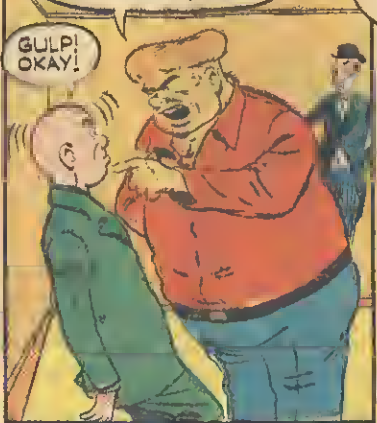
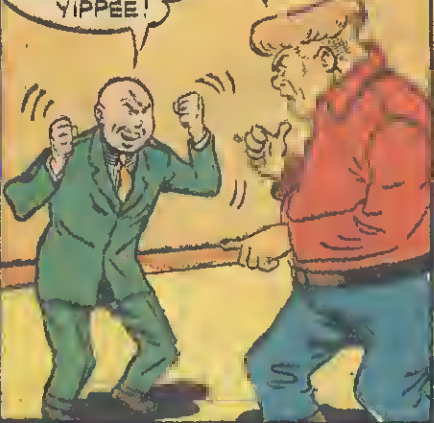
WHY, YOU DUMB JERK! I NEVER HOID SUCH UNPATRIOTIC TALK!

WE'RE GONNA BE PATRIOTIC, SEE? SURE, WE'LL OPEN A BLACK MARKET! BUT WE'LL ONLY SELL TO OA GOVAMENT, SEE?

GULP! OKAY!

(GOOD HEAVENS! WHAT A CHARACTER) WELL, WE MUST BE RUNNING ALONG! HERE ARE THE KEYS AND THE OOD TO THE ESTATE!

T'ANKS! HOW DID YOUSE GUYS LOCATE ME, ANYHOW?



A CERTAIN MR.-AH-SNITCH MCCARTHY ADVISED US WE COULD FIND YOU HERE!

GOOD OLD SNITCHY!

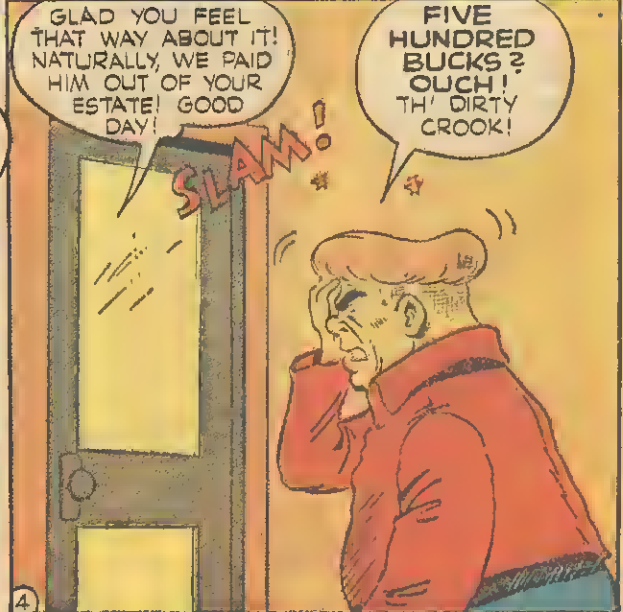
HE CHARGED US QUITE A STIFF FEE! FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS!

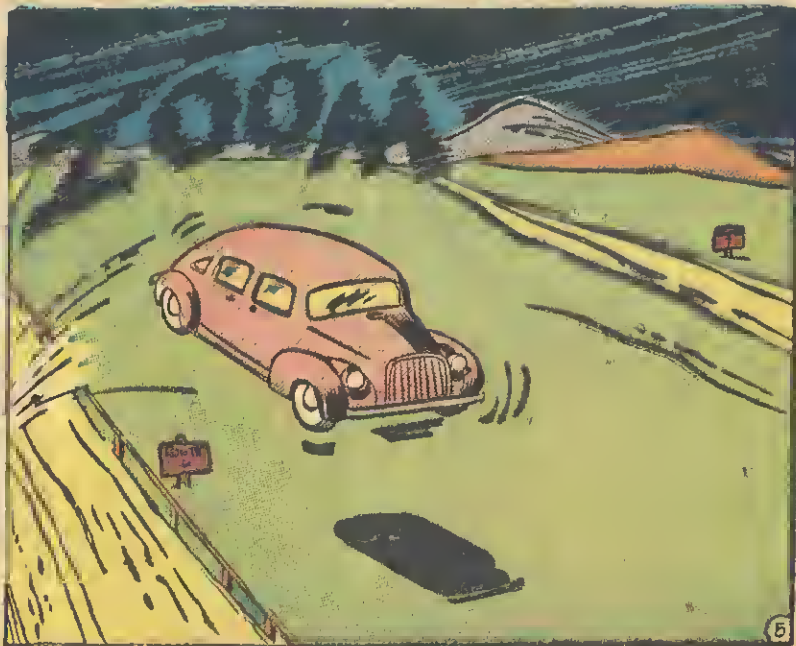
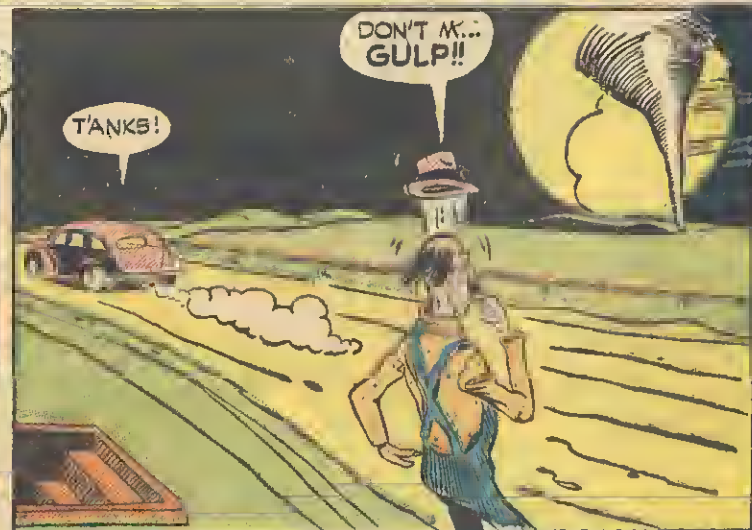
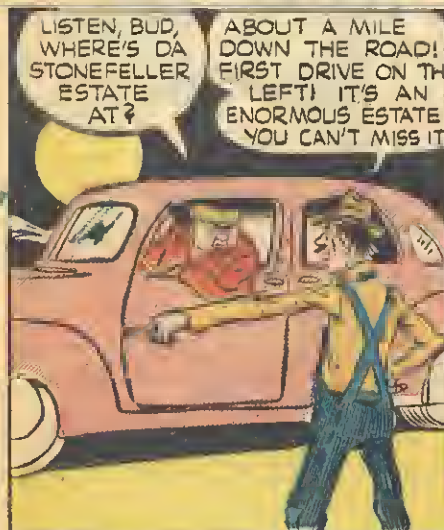
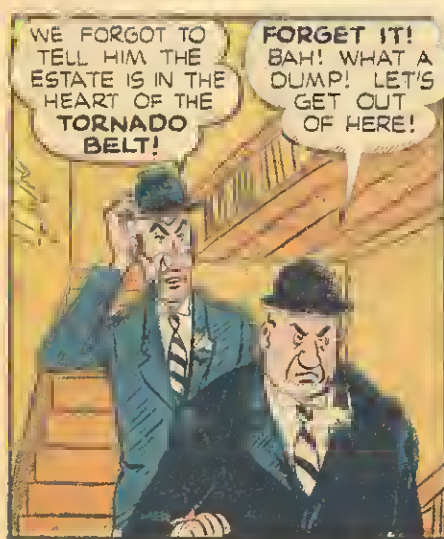
WELL, DAT'S SNITCH FOR YA! HE ALWAYS DID HAVE A GOOD BUSINESS HEAD! HA, HA, HA!

GLAD YOU FEEL THAT WAY ABOUT IT! NATURALLY, WE PAID HIM OUT OF YOUR ESTATE! GOOD DAY!

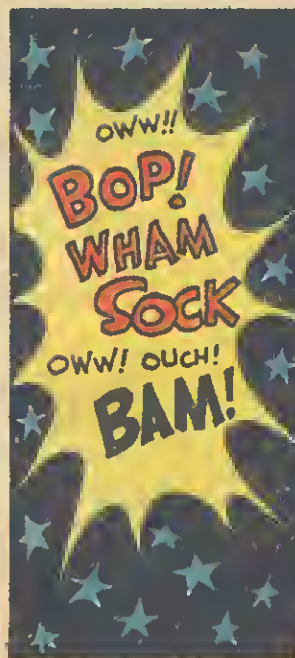
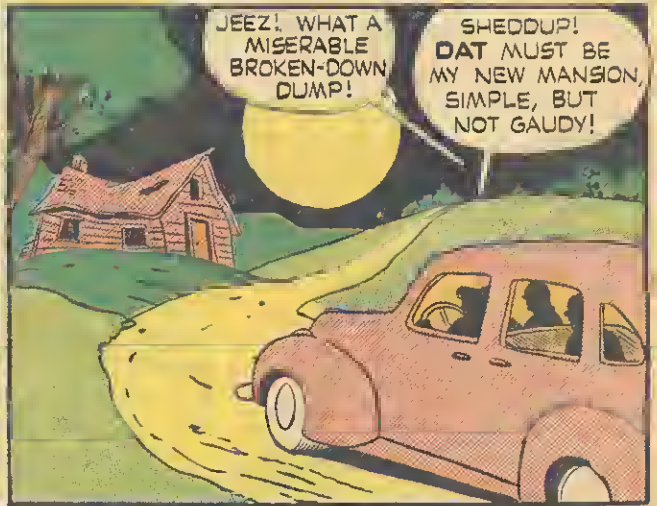
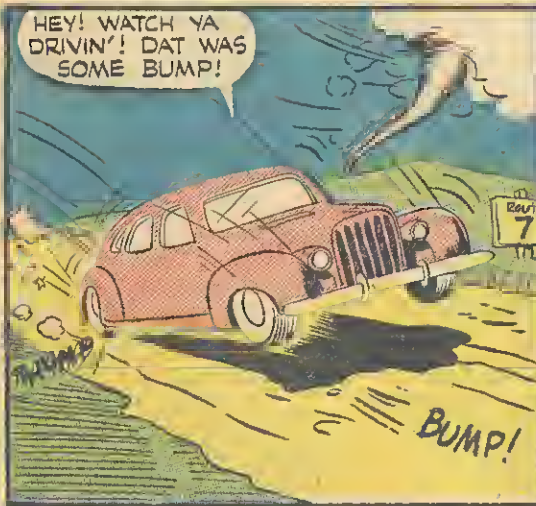
FIVE HUNDRED BUCKS? OUCH! TH' DIRTY CROOK!

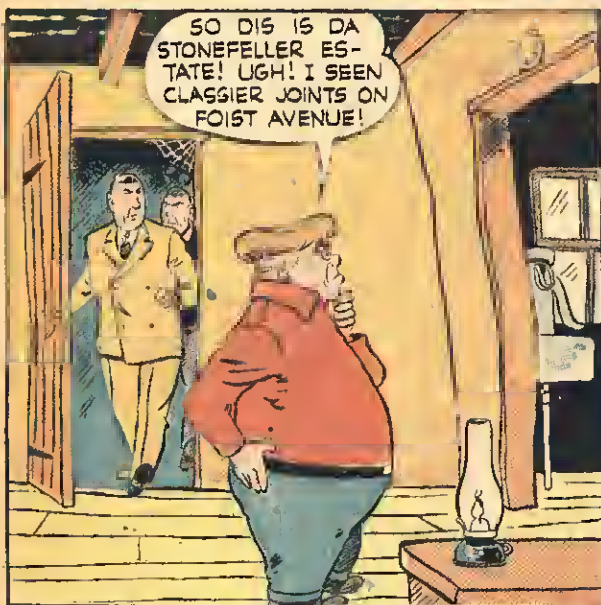
SLAM!



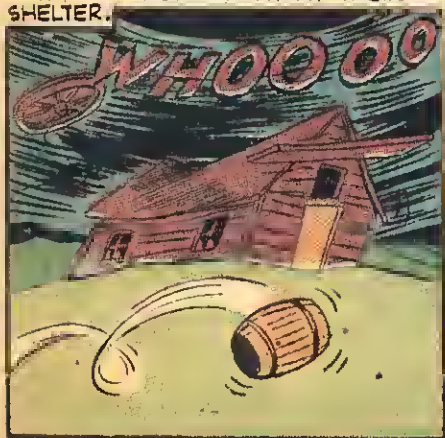




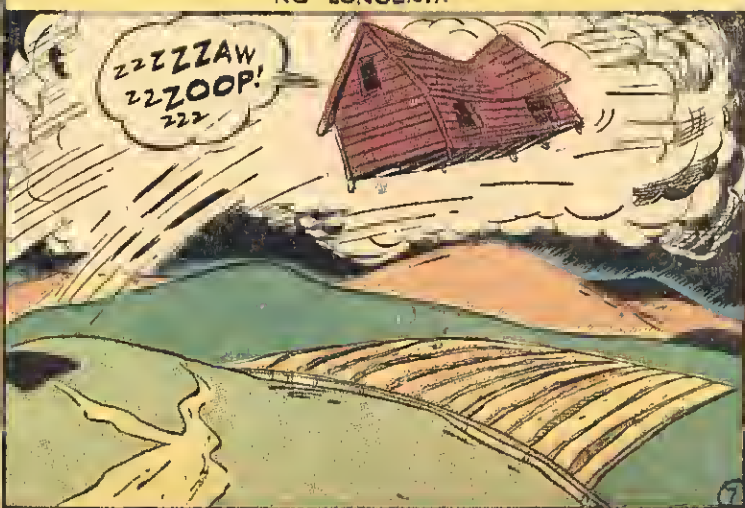




WHILE THE DEADLY DDZEN, FATIGUED BY THEIR LONG JOURNEY, SLIPS GENTLY INTO THE ARMS OF MORPHEUS THE WIND, RISING TO NEW HEIGHTS, TUGS WITH INCREASING FURY AT THEIR SHELTER.

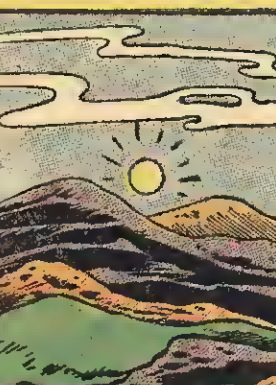


UNTIL, AT LAST, THE ROTTING FOUNDATIONS CAN RESIST NO LONGER...





THEN, THE FOLLOWING MORNING...



A cartoon panel showing a man in a green suit running away from a giant. The man is shouting, "NAH! I'M JUST GONNA STEP OUT AN' LOOK DA JOINT OVER!" The giant is shouting, "DON'T GO FAR AWAY, GIANTKILLER! WE GOT WORK TO DO!"

A cartoon illustration of a man with a large nose and wide eyes, looking out an open wooden door. Above his head is a speech bubble containing a question mark. Outside the door, a large, fluffy white cloud is raining. The background is a solid yellow color.

GOOD GOSH!!  
HANG ON, KID!  
I'LL GIT A  
ROPE!

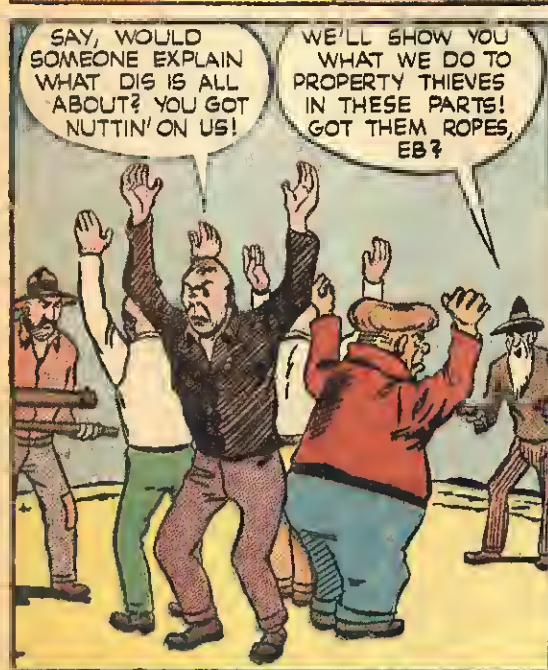
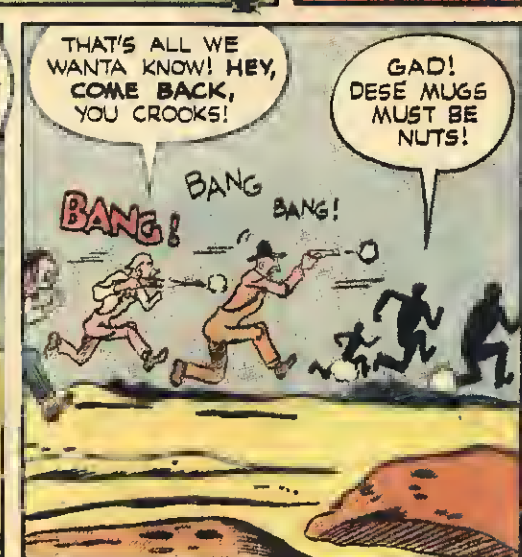
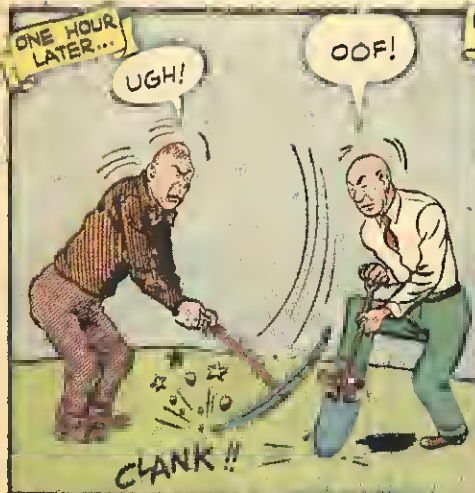
HALP!

WHEW!!  
I THOUGHT I  
WAS FINISHED  
DAT TIME!

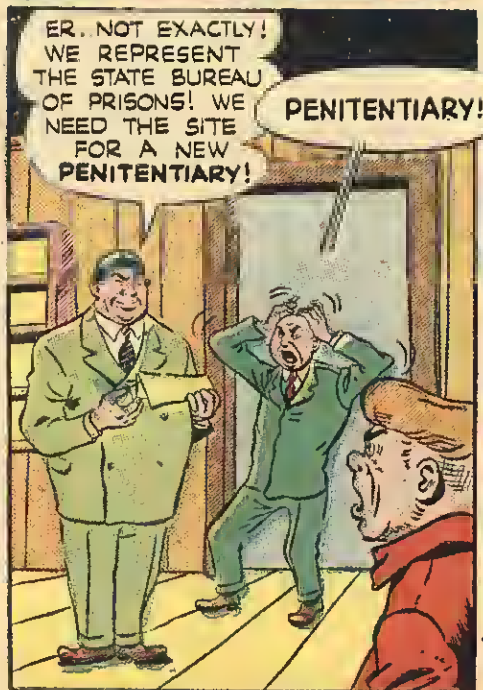
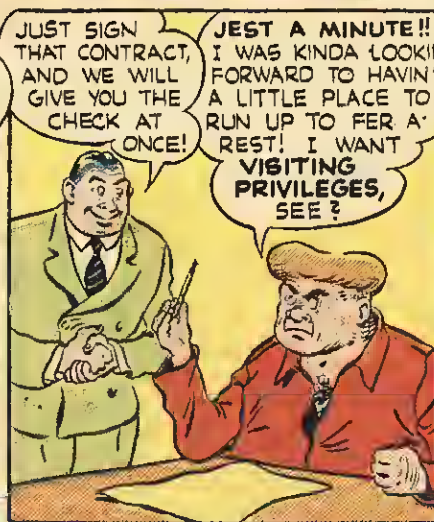
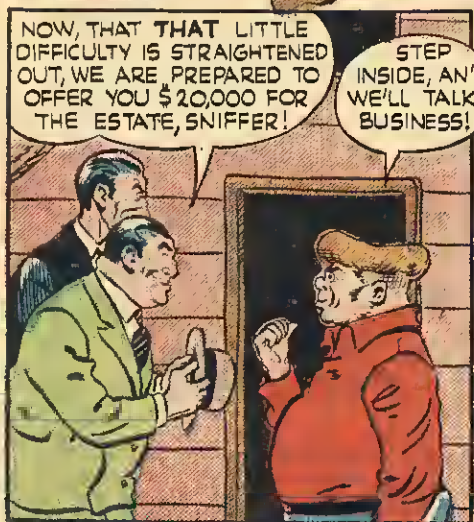
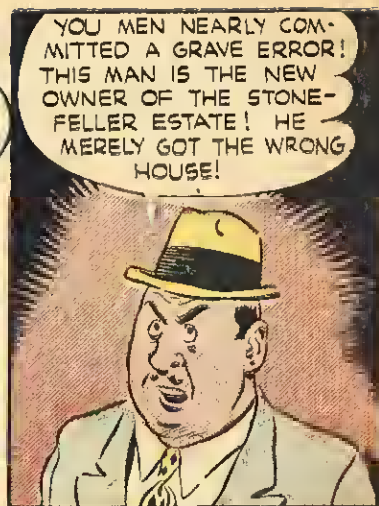
WHY DON'T YA WATCH  
WHERE YA GOIN'?

DA JOINT SURE  
LOOKS DIFFERENT  
BY DAYLIGHT!











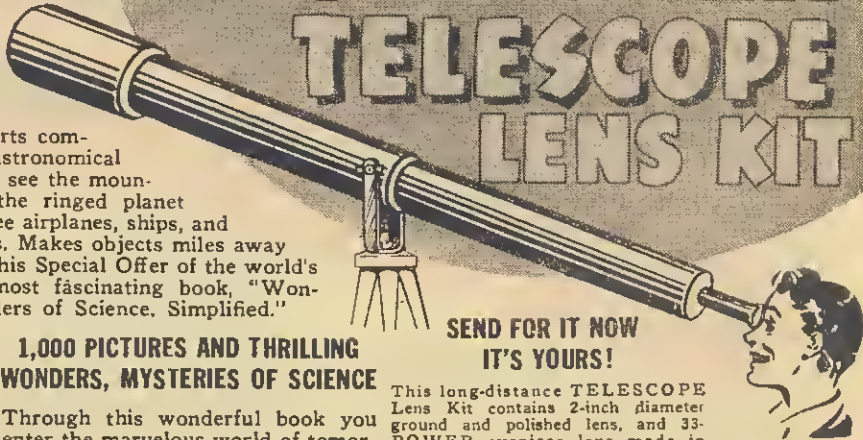


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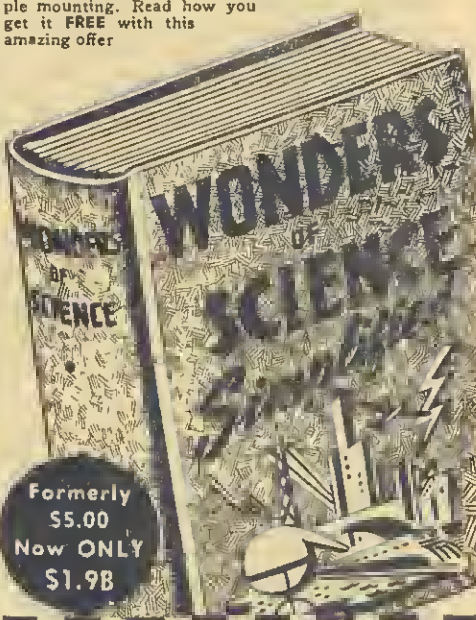
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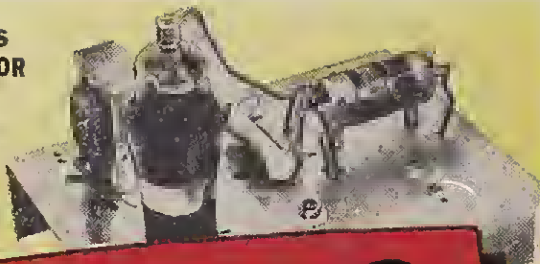




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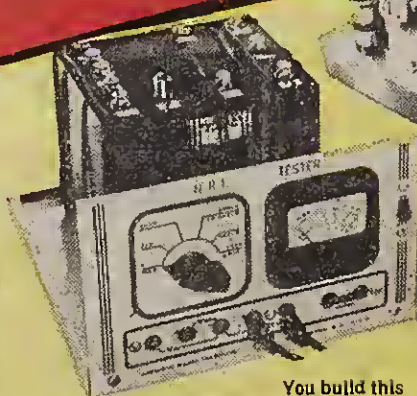
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